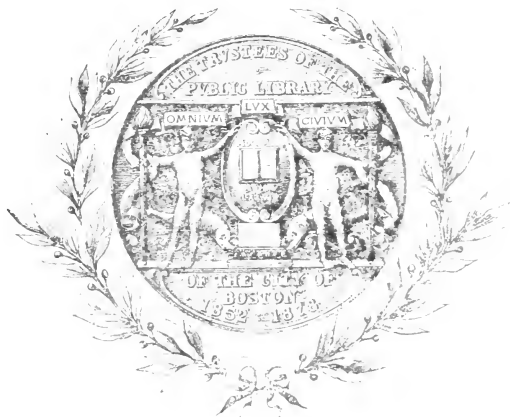




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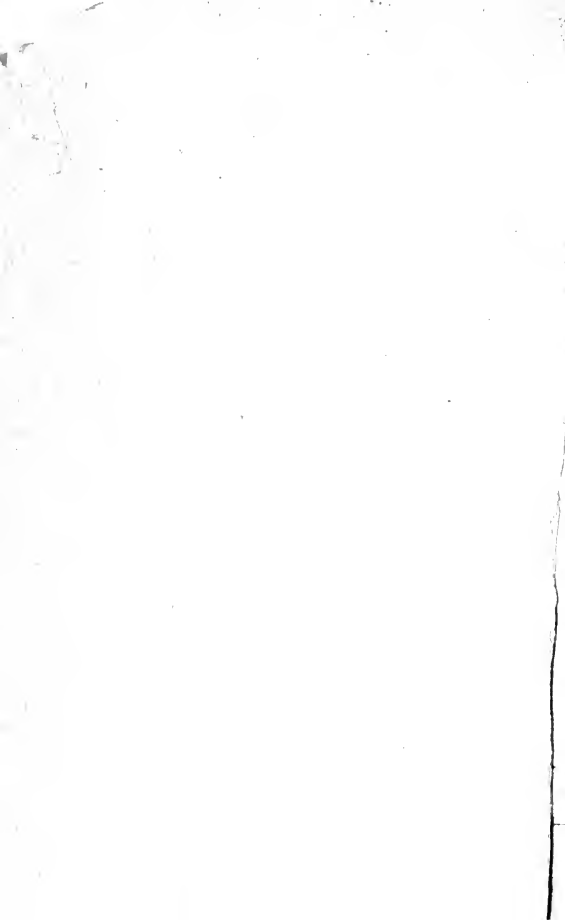


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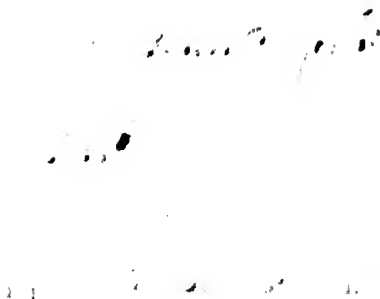
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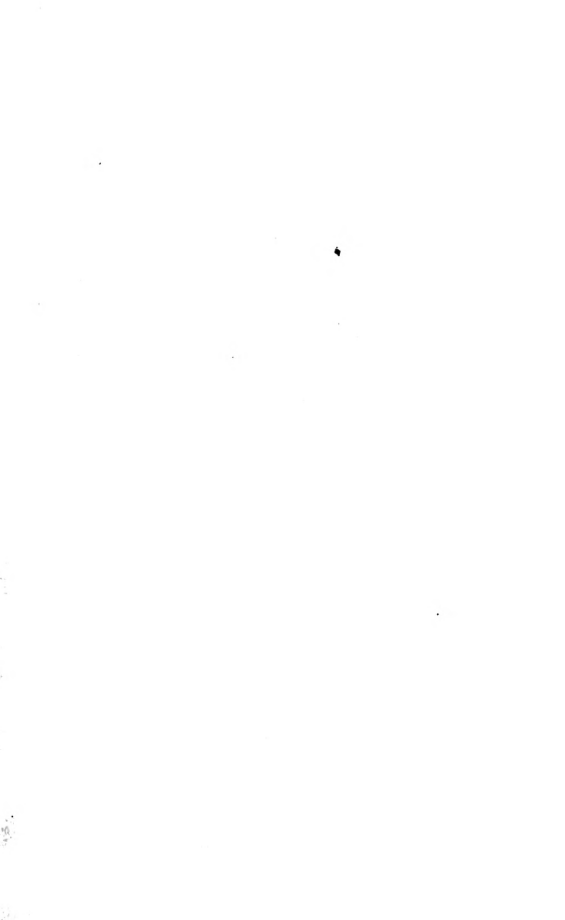


Ray Spunk co

Book

January the 16 1844





AMERICAN MELODIES;

CONTAINING

A SINGLE SELECTION

FROM THE PRODUCTIONS OF

TWO HUNDRED WRITERS.

COMPILED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED
BY L. P. CLOVER, JR

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY LINEN AND FENNELL,

NO. 229 BROADWAY.

1841.

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1841

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JUN 23 1906

Stereotyped by
RICHARD C. VALENTINE,
45 Gold-street.

TO
DR. J. K. MITCHELL,
OF PHILADELPHIA,
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,
THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THE compiler of this little volume, in preparing it for the press, did not feel himself at liberty to consult his own taste in every instance. The task set before him, was merely to select a single song from the productions of two hundred writers. Of course he had little to do beyond ascertaining which one was the most popular, when adapted to music. With the composer, therefore, in many cases, rests the unenviable responsibility of deciding upon the literary merits of some of the effusions chosen for this work.

All the poets of America have not written songs, which will account for the absence of many names, familiar to the public; and all the song-writers of this country are not represented in this volume, which is on account of its dimensions, and not owing to any desire on the part of the compiler to suppress the name of any one who has written either well or successfully. In the hope that a second volume of these Melodies will

be acceptable to those who possess the first, he has already commenced his selections for it, and he will feel obliged to the reader for calling his attention to any American song of merit which has been (unintentionally on his part) omitted here. He has no doubt that there are many such ; but as he has had no means of ascertaining the fact or of possessing copies, he trusts that should this be the case, that they will be sent to the publishers, for insertion in the second volume. In conclusion, he trusts, that as a book of American Melodies is certainly a novelty in letters, that it will meet with as much indulgence from the hands of his fellow labourers in the literary vineyard, as they may find it in their natures to bestow, for although the editor can claim no merit whatever for a mere compilation, yet the case is different with the publishers, who deserve much credit for being the pioneers in a description of book that universally abounds in every country except our own.

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WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

LINES TO A WATERFOWL.

HALLECK'S LINES ON DRAKE.

AMERICAN MELODIES.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

COME hither, thou beautiful rover,
Thou wand'rer of earth and of air ;
Who bearest the sighs of a lover,
And bringest him news from his fair.
Bend hither thy light-waving pinion,
And show me the gloss of thy neck ;
O perch on my hand, dearest minion,
And turn up thy bright eye and peck.

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,
And there is a sip of red wine ;
Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
'Twill be fleeter when nerved by the vine :
I have written on rose-scented paper,
With thy wing quill, a soft billet-doux,
I have melted the wax in love's taper,
'Tis the colour of true hearts, sky blue.

I have fastened it under thy pinion,
With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck ;
So go from me, beautiful minion,
While the blue ether shows not a speck :
Like a cloud in dim distance fleeting,
Like an arrow he hurries away ;
And farther, and farther retreating,
He is lost in the clear blue of day.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would wish to dream in.
Then fill to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time, through Life's dominions,
We here awhile would now beguile
The Graybeard of his pinions
To drink to-night with hearts as light.
To loves as gay and fleeting

As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

THE LAST SONG.

BY JAMES G. BROOKS.

STRIKE the wild harp yet once again !
Again its lonely numbers pour ;
Then let the melancholy strain
Be hushed in death for evermore.
For evermore, for evermore,
Creative fancy, be thou still ;
And let oblivious Lethe pour
Upon my lyre its waters chill.

Strike the wild harp yet once again !
Then be its fitful chords unstrung,
Silent as is the grave's domain,
And mute as the death-mouldered tongue.

Let not a thought of memory dwell
One moment on its former song ;
Forgotten, too, be this farewell,
Which plays its pensive strings along !

Strike the wild harp yet once again !
The saddest and the latest lay ;
Then break at once its strings in twain,
And they shall sound no more for aye :
And hang it on the cypress tree,
The hours of youth and song have passed,
Have gone, with all their witchery ;
Lost lyre ! these numbers are thy last.

DRINK AND AWAY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL.

[There is a beautiful rill in Barbary received into a large basin, which bears a name signifying " Drink and away," from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins.—DR. SHAW.]

UP ! pilgrim and rover,
Redouble thy haste !
Nor rest thee till over
Life's wearisome waste.
Ere the wild forest ranger
Thy footsteps betray
To trouble and danger,—
Oh, drink and away !

Here lurks the dark savage
By night and by day,
To rob and to ravage,
Nor scruples to slay.
He waits for the slaughter :
The blood of his prey
Shall stain the still water,—
Then drink and away.

With toil though thou languish,
The mandate obey,
Spur on, though in anguish,
There's death in delay !
No bloodhound, want-wasted,
Is fiercer than they :—
Pass by it untasted—
Or, drink and away.

Though sore be the trial,
Thy God is thy stay,
Though deep the denial,
Yield not in dismay,
But, wrapt in high vision,
Look on to the day
When the fountains Elysian
Thy thirst shall allay.

There shalt thou for ever
Enjoy thy repose
Where life's gentle river
Eternally flows.

Yea, there shalt thou rest thee
For ever and aye,
With none to molest thee,—
Then drink and away.

THE WIFE'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

As the tears of the even,
Illumined at day
By the sweet light of heaven,
Seem gems on each spray ;
So gladness to-morrow
Shall shine on thy brow,
The more bright for the sorrow
That darkens it now.

Yet if fortune, believe me,
Have evil in store,
Though each other deceive thee,
I'll love thee the more.
As ivy leaves cluster
More greenly and fair,
When winter winds bluster
Round trees that are bare.

I KNOW THAT THOU ART FAR AWAY.

BY JAMES NACK.

I know that thou art far away,
Yet in my own despite
My still expectant glances stray
Inquiring for thy sight.
Though all too sure that thy sweet face
Can bless no glance of mine,
At every turn, in every place,
My eyes are seeking thine.

I hope—how vain the hope, I know—
That some propitious chance
May bring thee here again to throw
Thy sweetness on my glance.
But, loveliest one, where'er thou art,
Whate'er be my despair,
Mine eyes will seek thee, and my heart
Will love thee every where.

A HEALTH.

BY MISS ELIZABETH C. CLINCH.

FILL high the cup!—the young and gay
Are met with bounding hearts to-night;
And sunny smiles around us play,
And eyes are sparkling bright:
Let wit and song the hours beguile,
But yet, amid this festal cheer,
Oh, let us pause to think awhile
Of him who is not here.

Fill high the cup!—yet ere its brim
One young and smiling lip has pressed,
Oh, pledge each sparkling drop to him
Now far o'er ocean's breast!
The cordial wish each lip repeats,
By every heart is echoed here;
For none within this circle beats,
To whom he is not dear.

A sudden pause in festive glee—
What thought hath hushed the thought of mirth,
Hath checked each heart's hilarity,
And given to sadness birth?
O! read it in the shades that steal
Across each animated brow;
The wish none utters, yet all feel,
“Would he were with us now!”

Yet chase away each vain regret,
And let each heart be gay ;
Trust me, the meeting hour shall yet
Each anxious thought repay.
Is not his spirit with us now ?
Yes ! wheresoe'er his footsteps roam,
The wanderer's yearning heart can know
No resting-place—but home !

Then smile again, and let the song
Pour forth its music sweet and clear—
What magic to those notes belong
Which thus chain every ear !
Soft eyes are filled with tears—what spell
So suddenly hath called them there ?
That strain—ah, yes ! we know it well ;
It is his favourite air.

With every note how forcibly
Return the thoughts of other days !
The shaded brow, the drooping eye,
Are present to our gaze.
With all around his looks are blent ;
His form, is it not gliding there ?
And was it not *his* voice which sent
That echo on the air ?

One wish, with cordial feeling fraught
Breathe we for him ere yet we part,
That for each high and generous thought
That animates his heart,

That Power which gives us happiness,
A blessing on his head would pour !
Oh ! could affection wish him less ?
Yet, could we ask for more ?

LOVED, LOST ONE, FARE THEE WELL.

BY JOHN INMAN.

LOVED, lost one, fare thee well—too harsh the doom
That called thee thus in opening life away ;
Tears fall for thee ; and at thy early tomb
I come at each return of this blest day,
When evening hovers near, with solemn gloom,
The pious debt of sorrowing thought to pay,
For thee, blest spirit, whose loved form alone
Here mouldering sleeps, beneath this simple stone.

But memory claims thee still ; and slumber brings
Thy form before me as in life it came ;
Affection conquers death, and fondly clings
Unto the past, and thee, and thy loved name ;
And hours glide swiftly by on noiseless wings,
While sad discourses of thy loss I frame,
With her the friend of thy most tranquil years,
Who mourns for thee with grief too deep for tears.

Sunday evening.

THE MIDNIGHT BALL.

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART.

SHE's bid adieu to the midnight ball,
And cast the gems aside,
Which glittered in the lighted hall :
Her tears she cannot hide.
She weeps not that the dance is o'er,
The music and the song ;
She weeps not that her steps no more
Are follow'd by the throng :

Her memory seeks one form alone
Within that crowded hall ;
Her truant thoughts but dwell on one
At that gay midnight ball.
And thence her tears unbidden flow—
She's bid adieu to him ;
The light of love is darkened now—
All other lights are dim.

She throws the worthless wreath away
That decked her shining hair ;
She tears apart the bright bouquet
Of flowrets rich and rare.
The leaves lie scattered at her feet,
She heeds not where they fall ;
She sees in them an emblem meet
To mark the midnight ball.

A CARELESS, SIMPLE BIRD.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

A CARELESS, simple bird, one day
Flutt'ring in Flora's bowers,
Fell in a cruel trap, which lay
All hid among the flowers,
Forsooth, the pretty, harmless flowers.

The spring was closed ; poor, silly soul,
He knew not what to do,
Till, squeezing through a tiny hole,
At length away he flew,
Unhurt—at length away he flew.

And now from every fond regret
And idle anguish free,
He, singing, says, “ You need not set
Another trap for me,
False girl ! another trap for me.”

CANZONET.

BY J. B. VANSCHAICK.

WHEN motes, that dancing
In golden wine,
To the eyes' glancing
Speak while they shine—
Then, the draught pouring,
Love's fountain free,
Mute, but adoring,
I drink to thee.

When sleep enchaineth,
Sense steals away—
Dream, o'er mind reigneth
With dark strange sway—
One sweet face floateth
Sleep's misty sea,
Th' unconscious heart doateth
On thee—on thee.

THE MAIDEN SAT AT HER BUSY WHEEL.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

“La rose cueillie et le cœur gagné ne plaisent qu’un jour.”

THE maiden sat at her busy wheel
Her heart was light and free,
And ever in cheerful song broke forth
Her bosom’s harmless glee.
Her song was in mockery of love
And oft I heard her say,
“The gathered rose, and the stolen heart,
Can charm but for a day.”

I looked on the maiden’s rosy cheek,
And her lip so full and bright,
And I sighed to think that the traitor Love,
Should conquer a heart so light :
But she thought not of future days of wo,
While she carolled in tones so gay ;
“The gathered rose, and the stolen heart,
Can charm but for a day.”

A year passed on, and again I stood
By the humble cottage-door ;
The maid sat at her busy wheel,
But her look was blithe no more :

The big tear stood in her downcast eye,
And with sighs I heard her say,
"The gathered rose, and the stolen heart,
Can charm but for a day."

Oh ! well I knew what had dimmed her eye,
And made her cheek so pale ;
The maid had forgotten her early song,
While she listened to love's soft tale.
She had tasted the sweets of his poisoned cup ;
It had wasted her life away :
And the stolen heart, like the gathered rose,
Had charmed but for a day.

SONG OF THE HERMIT TROUT.

BY WILLIAM P. HAWES.

Down in the deep
Dark holes I keep,
And there in the noontide I float and sleep.
By the hemlock log,
And the springing bog,
And the arching alders, I lie incog.

The angler's fly
Comes dancing by,
But never a moment it cheats my eye ;

For the hermit trout
Is not such a lout
As to be by a wading boy pulled out.

King of the brook,
No fisher's hook
Fills me with dread of the sweaty cook ;
But here I lie,
And laugh as they try ;
Shall I bite at their bait ? No, no ; not I !

But when the streams,
With moonlight beams,
Sparkle all silver, and starlight gleams,
Then, then look out
For the hermit trout ;
For he springs and dimples the shallows about,
While the tired angler dreams

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

BY EPES SARGENT.

A LIFE on the ocean wave !
A home on the rolling deep !
Where scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep !

Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull unchanging shore ;
Oh, give me the flashing brine,
The spray, and the tempest's roar.

Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift gliding craft.
Set sail ! farewell to the land :
The gale follows far abaft.
We sport through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean bird set free ;
Like the ocean bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown ;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say let the storm come down.
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and waters rave,
A life on the heaving sea !
A home on the bounding wave !

THE DYING LEGACY.

BY J. M. CHURCH.

SAW ye the shadow o'er his brow,
The pallor o'er his cheek ?
Saw ye the sadness in his eye,
And did ye hear him speak ?
Ah ! 'twas an impulse horrible
Inflamed his aged breast,
The blasting of his dying hopes,
His poor wife's sole bequest.

But late, a daughter, simple child,
Sat prattling on his knee,
The solace of his tottering days,
His poor wife's legacy !
And as he looked into her eyes,
And watched her childish glee,
He murmur'd, Dear, oh dear, thou art
My poor wife's legacy.

'Tis now that old man, weak and wan,
Sits comfortless and lone,
His child, alas ! poor fallen thing,
Sickening to think upon.
And as her image meets his thoughts,
They strive, they strive to flee,
In vain, poor fall'n Emma—he sobs,
My poor wife's legacy !

THE LAST BOUQUET.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

THERE's sadness in your bloom to-night,
My freshly-gathered flowers,
As though ye conscious emblems were
Of happy bygone hours ;
Your fragrant breath floats heavily,
Each leaflet seems to say—
O'erwrit with fairy-graven lines—
It is the last bouquet.

When deeply in your buds ye slept,
I culled with heartfelt glee
Your gay compeers—the elder-born—
And twined them merrily,
To speak what flowers were made to tell,
And what they best can say,—
The olden charm bides not with ye,
Ye are Love's last bouquet.

O when each flowery nook is gleaned,
And nought remains to wreathe,
But shrubs all wild and flowerless,
That no sweet odours breathe,—
Unto perennial fields I'd fly,
Through upper gardens stray,
To tread again no desert track,
Nor cull a last bouquet !

THE MINSTREL'S RETURN.

BY JOHN H. HEWITT.

THE minstrel's returned from the war,
With spirits as buoyant as air ;
And thus on his tuneful guitar,
He sings in the bower of his fair.
The noise of the battle is over,
The bugle no more calls to arms ;
A soldier no more, but a lover,
I kneel to the power of thy charms !
Sweet lady, dear lady, I'm thine,
I bend to the magic of beauty ;
Though the helmet and banner are mine,
Yet, love calls the soldier to duty.

The minstrel his suit warmly pressed,
She blushed, sighed, and hung down her head ;
Till conquered she fell on his breast,
And thus to the happy youth said—
“ The bugle shall part us, love, never ;
My bosom thy pillow shall be ;
Till death tears thee from me forever,
Still faithful, I'll perish with thee.”
Sweet lady, dear lady, I'm thine,
I bend to the magic of beauty ;
Though the helmet and banner are mine,
Yet, love calls the soldier to duty.

But fame called the youth to the field,
His banner waved over his head ;
He gave his guitar for a shield,
But soon he laid low with the dead :
While she o'er her young hero bending,
Received his expiring adieu ;
' I die while my country defending,
With heart to my lady love true."
" Oh ! death !" then she sighed, " I am thine ;
I tear off the roses of beauty ;
For the grave of my hero is mine,
He died true to love and to duty."

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY JOHN S. PIERPONT.

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they ?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore ;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the May-Flower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide ;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name !—
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;—
But the pilgrim—where is he ?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest :
When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast ;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled :
It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-Flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHANT.

BY J. A. HILLHOUSE.

O, HOLY VIRGIN, call thy child ;
Her spirit longs to be with thee ;
For, threatening, lower those skies so mild,
Whose faithless day-star dawned for me.

From tears released to speedy rest,
From youthful dreams which all beguiled,
To quiet slumber on thy breast,
O, holy Virgin, call thy child.

Joy from my darkling soul is fled,
And haggard phantoms haunt me wild ;
Despair assails, and Hope is dead :
O, holy Virgin, call thy child.

YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC-BOX, DEAREST !

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

YOUR heart is a music-box, dearest !
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand ;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break.
Then, oh ! be the magic key mine,
Its fairy-like whispers to wake !
And there's one little tune it can play,
That I fancy all others above—
You learned it of Cupid one day—
It begins with and ends with " I love !"
" I love !"
It begins with and ends with " I love !"

A PORTRAIT.

BY NATHAN C. BROOKS.

THROUGH the gazer's breast is stealing
A pure rapture sweet and wild ;
While thy face, its charms revealing,
Fair as snowflakes undefiled,

Speaks a woman with the feeling
And the lightness of a child.

With thy locks like sunlight streaming,
Thou art beauty's self, fair one ;
With thy cheek in beauty beaming,
From high thoughts and feelings won ;
And thy lustrous eye outgleaming
A bright sabre in the sun.

As the bird in tropic bowers
Ever waves its sportive wing,
Mid the bright and balmy flowers,
Without voice of sorrowing ;
So mid joy and smiles, thy hours
Flit, thou light and fairy thing.

May no cloud of earthly sorrow,
Shade thy brow or dim with tears
Thy bright eye ; but may each morrow
Shed a rainbow o'er life's fears,
And a milder radiance borrow
From the gentle flight of years.

NEW ENGLAND.

BY MRS. GILMAN.

NEW ENGLAND, New England, my home o'er the sea !
My heart, as I wander, turns fondly to thee ;
For bright rests the sun on thy clear winding streams,
And soft o'er thy meadows the moon pours her beams.
New England, New England, my home o'er the sea !
The wanderer's heart turns in fondness to thee.

Thy breezes are healthful, and clear are thy rills,
And the harvest waves proudly and rich on thy hills.
Thy maidens are fair, and thy yeoman are strong,
And thy rivers run blithely thy valleys among.
New England, New England, my home o'er the sea !
The wanderer's heart turns in fondness to thee.

There's home in New England, where dear ones of mine
Are thinking of me and the days of lang syne,
And blest be the hour when, my pilgrimage o'er,
I shall sit by the hearth-stone and leave it no more.
New England, New England, my home o'er the sea !
My heart, as I wander, turns fondly to thee.

WHO HAS ROBBED THE OCEAN CAVE.

BY JOHN SHAW.

Who has robbed the ocean cave
To tinge thy lips with coral hue ?
Who from India's distant wave,
For thee, those pearly treasures drew ?
Who, from yonder orient sky,
Stole the morning of thine eye ?

Thousand charms, thy form to deck,
From sea, and earth, and air are torn ;
Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
On thy breath their fragrance borne.
Guard thy bosom from the day,
Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth can ne'er impart ;
Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air a heart.
Fairest ! wouldst thou perfect be,
Take, oh take that heart from me.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven ?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker'bend ?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend ?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep.
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays ;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

THE INDIAN IDEA OF THE ORIGIN OF ECHO.

BY S. J. BURR.

AWAY o'er the bright flashing billow
A little white boat flew along ;
As it dashed on the spray-lighted surge,
From its centre there came forth a song.

The spirits of air and of water
Were mingling their voices in one ;
And the winds and the waves seemed to loiter
To catch the sweet notes of the tune.

And Echo, for fear she should lose it,
Came down from her green-skirted hills,
And faintly repeated the music
To teach to her murmuring rills.

And still the wild sonnet's repeated
By brooks upon every mount,
For Echo has taught every hillock
To sing to the notes of each fount.

As the traveller strays through the woodland,
He hears—for still Echo is there—
From every meandering streamlet
The song of the leaves and the air.

MY BEAUTIFUL PIERRE.

BY MRS. HEWITT.

My mother doth bid me forget thee,
Ah! mother is aged and cold;
She sayeth I ne'er should regret thee;
But time maketh worldly the old;
Ah! what though she urge me to leave thee,
To wed with the frosty and sere,
This heart tells me ne'er to deceive thee,
My beautiful, beautiful Pierre.

Still chiding, my mother would move me
To link me to gold, and old age ;
Oh ! age it is dark and unlovely,
Yea, verily sayeth the sage.
Hath spring e'er forsaken her flowers,
For winter, the frosty and drear ?
Oh ! spring-time of life sure is ours,
My beautiful, beautiful Pierre.

Of halls decked with splendour she's telling,
I nor wealth nor their brilliancy prize ;
Let the splendour that 'lumines my dwelling,
Oh Pierre ! be the light of thine eyes.
Say, should the bride crowned with flowers,
Ere wed with the frosty and sere ?
Oh ! say, would their hearts beat like ours,
My beautiful, beautiful Pierre ?

WE HAVE MET TO REMEMBER THE DAY.

BY JAMES FLINT.

WE have met to remember the day,
When the Pilgrims first trod the bleak shore
That gave them a home far away
From the home they should visit no more.

We will not forget what we owe them
For all they have left us in trust ;
And though fallen in virtues below them,
We still to their fame will be just.

We have met to remember their deeds,
The privations and toils they endured,
Though the heart o'er their sufferings bleeds,
It exults in the rights they secured ;
The rights they bequeathed us we'll cherish,
A heritage sacred and dear ;
And their rock-girdled refuge shall perish,
Ere their sons cease their names to revere.

We'll remember the faith of our sires,
Their sun in their sojourn of gloom,
That reflected from heaven's far spires,
The bright halo of hope on the tomb.
'Twas to worship their God unmolested
They left the loved scenes of their youth,
For a land which no tyrant infested ;
Self-exiled for freedom and truth.

We'll remember their wisdom, who reared,
On the pillars of justice and right,
A republic by sages revered,
And dreaded by kings in their might.
Of their skill and prophetic discerning,
New England a monument stands,
In her morals, religion, and learning,
The glory and pride of all lands.

The neat village, the school-house, and church,
Her broad hills, her deep valleys, and streams,
The tall pine, the rough oak, the smooth birch,
Are all fresh in our day thoughts and dreams.
O, New England, wherever sojourning,
Thy children in sadness or mirth,
By distance unweaned, with fond yearning
Still turn to the land of their birth.

We can never the pathways forget,
We so oft in our boyhood have trod,
To the school, where our playmates we met,
And the house, where we worshipped our God.
Ere we're found in our waywardness shunning
The lessons there taught us in love,
Be our right hand bereft of its cunning,
And, palsied, our tongue cease to move.

ART THOU HAPPY, LOVELY LADY?

BY RUFUS DAWES.

ART thou happy, lovely lady,
In the splendour round thee thrown,
Can the jewels that array thee,
Bring the peace which must have flown?

By the vows which thou hast spoken,
By the faith which thou hast broken,
I ask of thee no token,
That thy heart is sad and lone.

There was one that loved thee, Mary !
There was one that fondly kept
A hope which could not vary,
Till in agony it slept.
He loved thee, dearly loved thee,
And thought his passion moved thee,
But disappointment proved thee,
What love has often wept.

ONE HAPPY YEAR HAS FLED, SALL.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

ONE happy year has fled, Sall,
Since you were all my own,
The leaves have felt the autumn blight,
The wintry storm has blown.
We heeded not the cold blast,
Nor the winter's icy air ;
For we found our climate in the heart,
And it was summer there.

The summer's sun is bright, Sall,
The skies are pure in hue ;
But clouds will sometimes sadden them,
And dim their lovely blue ;
And clouds may come to us, Sall,
But sure they will not stay ;
For there's a spell in fond hearts
To chase their gloom away.

In sickness and in sorrow
Thine eyes were on me still,
And there was comfort in each glance
To charm the sense of ill.
And were they absent now, Sall,
I'd seek my bed of pain,
And bless each pang that gave me back
Those looks of love again.

Oh, pleasant is the welcome kiss,
When day's dull round is o'er,
And sweet the music of the step
That meets me at the door.
Though worldly cares may visit us,
I reckon not when they fall,
While I have thy kind lips, my Sall,
To smile away them all.

THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

IN a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,
Where nature had fashioned a soft, sylvan scene,
The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the deer,
Passaic in silence rolled gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonished the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight ;
Here the wild flow'ret blossomed, the elm proudly
 waved,
And pure was the current the green bank that laved.

But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick tangled wood,
And deep in its gloom fixed his murky abode,
Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in thunder, and lightning, and storm ;

All flush'd from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red men encountered the children of flame,
While the noise of the warwhoop still rang in his ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears :

With a glance of disgust he the landscape surveyed,
With its fragrant wild flowers, its wide-waving shade ;—
Where Passaic meanders through margins of green,
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He rived the green hills, the wild woods he laid low ;
He taught the pure stream in rough channels to flow ;
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurled down the chasm the thundering wave.

Countless moons have since rolled in the long lapse of
time—

Cultivation has softened those features sublime ;
The axe of the white man has lightened the shade,
And dispelled the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.

But the stranger still gazes with wondering eye,
On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high ;
Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong embosomed in foam.

THE FADED ONE.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

GONE to the slumber which may know no waking
Till the loud requiem of the world shall swell ;
Gone ! where no sound thy still repose is breaking,
In a lone mansion through long years to dwell ;
Where the sweet gales that herald bud and blossom
Pour not their music nor their fragrant breath :
A seal is set upon thy budding bosom,
A bond of loneliness—a spell of death !

Yet 'twas but yesterday that all before thee
Shone in the freshness of life's morning hours ;
Joy's radiant smile was playing briefly o'er thee,
And thy light feet impressed but vernal flowers.
The restless spirit charmed thy sweet existence,
Making all beauteous in youth's pleasant maze,
While gladsome hope illumed the onward distance,
And lit with sunbeams thy expectant days.

How have the garlands of thy childhood withered,
And hope's false anthem died upon the air !
Death's cloudy tempests o'er thy way have gathered,
And his stern bolts have burst in fury there.
On thy pale forehead sleeps the shade of even,
Youth's braided wreath lies stained in sprinkled dust,
Yet looking upward in its grief to Heaven,
Love should not mourn thee, save in hope and trust.

WHEN ON THY BOSOM I RECLINE.

BY LINDLEY MURRAY.

WHEN on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptured still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life,
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of Husband and of Wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss ;
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Even years have not destroyed ;
Some sweet sensation, ever new,
Springs up and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloyed.

Have I a wish ?—'tis all for thee ;
Hast thou a wish ?—'tis all for me ;
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleased to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise—and cares will come—
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I'll lull me there to rest ;
And is there aught disturbs my fair ?
I'll bid her sigh out every care,
And lose it in my breast.

Have I a wish ?—'tis all her own ;
All hers and mine are rolled in one—
Our hearts are so entwined,
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis death to be disjoined.

MY OLD WIFE.

BY J. B. PHILLIPS.

OLD Time has dimmed the lustre of her eyes, that
 brightly shone,
And her voice has lost the sweetness of its girlhood's
 silvery tone,
But her heart is still as cheerful as in early days of life,
And as fondly as I prized my bride, I love my dear old
 wife !

When the spring of life was in its bloom, and hope gave
 zest to youth,
We at the sacred altar stood, and plighted vows of truth.
And since though changeful years have passed, with
 joys and sorrows rife,
Yet, never did I see a change in her, my dear old wife.

Her gentle love my cares have soothed, her smiles each
 joy enhanced,
As fondly through progressive years together we've
 advanced ;
Though calmly now the current flows, we've known
 misfortune's strife,
Yet, ever did she cheer my woes, my faithful, fond old
 wife.

And ever since that joyous day I blessed her as my
 bride,
In joy and sorrow, calm or storm, I found her at my side ;
And when the summons from above shall close the
 scene of life,
May I be called to rest with thee, my good, my dear
 Old Wife !

IANTHE ! ON THAT LOFTY BROW.

BY W. HENRY CARPENTER.

IANTHE ! on that lofty brow
 Thought sits as on a throne ;
Yet, as thine eyes are beaming now
 With love, and love alone,
My soul doth drink their beauty in,
 As if by beauty nursed ;
But oh ! the more it seems to win,
 The more it is athirst.

Then frown not if I look, my dear,
 Too fondly in thine eyes ;
Or list with too attent an ear
 Thy musical replies.
How can mine eyes not glass thine own,
 When lovingly they shine ;
Or how can I not list the tone
 That tells me thou art mine.

Oh ! I could linger near thee, sweet !
From eve till morning's light,
And chide the hours whose winged feet
Too swiftly chase the night.
So rapt am I, and thou so dear,
That churlish Time is all forgot ;
And I but dream, when thou art near,
To wake when thou art not.

It hath a sad sweet sound—"Farewell,"
When loved lips murmur it ;
For 'tis the breaking of a spell
We fain would bind us yet.
Then fades love's rapturous mystery,
And slowly move the loitering hours ;
For bleak and bare reality
Usurps the realm of flowers.

THE LAKE OF CAYOSTEA.

BY ROBERT BARKER.

THY wave has ne'er by gondolier
Been dashed aside with flashing oar,
Nor festive train to music's strain
Performed the dance upon thy shore.

But there, at night, beneath the light
Of silent moon and twinkling ray,
The Indian's boat is seen to float,
And track its lonely way.

The Indian maid, in forest glade,
Of flowers that earliest grow,
And fragrant leaves, a garland weaves
To deck her warrior's brow.
And when away, at break of day,
She hies her to her shieling dear,
She sings so gay a roundelay,
That echo stops to hear.

Would it were mine to join with thine,
And dwell for ever here,
In forest wild with nature's child,
By the silent Cayostea.
My joy with thee would ever be
Along these banks to roam ;
And fortune take beside the lake,
Whose clime is freedom's home.

LOOK ALOFT.

BY JONATHAN LAWRENCE, JUN.

[The following song was suggested by an anecdote said to have been related by the late Dr. Godman, of the ship-boy who was about to fall from the rigging, and was only saved by the mate's characteristic exclamation, "Look aloft, you lubber."]

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—
If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart—
"Look aloft" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each wo,
Should betray thee when sorrow like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine
eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

And oh ! when death comes in terrors, to cast,
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft" and depart !

OH, WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

BY MARY E. BROOKS.

Oh, weep not for the dead !
Rather, oh rather give the tear
To those that darkly linger here,
When all besides are fled ;
Weep for the spirit withering
In its cold cheerless sorrowing,
Weep for the young and lovely one
That ruin darkly revels on ;
But never be a tear-drop shed
For them, the pure enfranchised dead.

Oh, weep not for the dead !
No more for them the blighting chill,
The thousand shades of earthly ill,
The thousand thorns we tread ;
Weep for the life-charm early flown,
The spirit broken, bleeding, lone ;

Weep for the death pangs of the heart,
Ere being from the bosom part ;
 But never be a tear-drop given
 To those that rest in yon blue heaven.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN GIRL.

BY J. M. SMITH, JUN.

O GIVE me back my forest shade,
 Where once I roamed so blithe and gay,
Where with my dusky mates I strayed,
 In childhood's blest and happy day.
They told me in the white man's home
 I'd soon forget my woodlands wild ;
And never wish again to roam,
 The simple native forest child.

They told me of a happier sphere,
 Where, when the dream of life was o'er,
The cherished friends that I'd known here
 Would meet me there to part no more !
I listened fondly to their theme,
 As bright they painted scenes of bliss ;
But vanished now is that sweet dream,
 And sadness broods o'er hours like this.

Each rustling of the forest tree,
That's waked by gentle zephyrs bland,
Bears in its murm'ring sound to me,
Some vision of my native land !
Then give me back my forest shade,
Where once I roamed so blithe and gay,
Where with my dusky mates I strayed,
In childhood's blest and happy day.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

BY R. H. WILDE.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die :
But on that rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept such waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray ;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief—
Restless, and soon to pass away :

Yet ne'er that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print which feet
Have left on Tempe's desert strand—
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
His track will vanish from the sand ;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none shall e'er lament for me !

THE MERMAID'S CAVE.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Come, mariner, down in the deep with me,
And hide thee under the wave ;
For I have a bed of coral for thee,
And quiet and sound shall thy slumbers be,
In a cell of the mermaid's cave.

And she who is waiting with cheek so pale,
At the tempest and ocean's roar ;
And weeps when she hears the menacing gale,
Or sighs to behold her mariner's sail,
Come whitening up to the shore ;

She has not long to linger for thee,
Her sorrows will soon be o'er,
For the cord shall be broken, the prisoners free,
Her eye shall close, and her dreams will be
So sweet, she will wake no more.

I LEFT THEE WHERE I FOUND THEE, LOVE.

BY MRS. HARRIET MUZZY.

I LEFT thee where I found thee, love,
Throned gaily in those laughing eyes ;
'Twere folly to have bound thee, love,
For love is loveliest while he flies.
'Twas safest, best to leave thee, love,
For flight may end both hopes and fears ;
I did not wish to grieve thee, love,
For love's resistless when in tears.

At distance I may view thee, love,
Unchecked by glances, smiles, or sighs ;
Thou didst not dream I knew thee, love,
So wrapped in friendship's deep disguise.
No splendid shrine I made thee, love,
Thy presence hallow'd every spot ;
No kind farewell I bade thee, love,
For love's last look is ne'er forgot.

WHEN MORNING, LIKE A BLUSHING BRIDE.

BY F. HILL.

WHEN morning, like a blushing bride,
Looks o'er the earth and sea, love,
And to their homes night spirits glide,
Oh, then I'll think of thee, love.

And every mirrored orb that glides
Across the summer sea, love,
Like silvery glances on our dreams,
Shall wake a thought of thee, love.

Then fare thee well, and bear with thee
This smile—for not one tear, love,
Shall dim thy precious memory,
So fondly treasured here, love.

For oh ! these eyes with fond truth shine,
And this fond melting heart, love,
Declare that I am ever thine,
That still mine own thou art, love.

THERE'S BEAUTY IN THE DEEP.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.

THERE'S beauty in the deep :—
The wave is bluer than the sky ;
And, though the light shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow
That sparkle in the depths below ;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid,
And sun and moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.

There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep :—
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.

There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep :—
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;

Above, let care and fear contend,
With sin and sorrow to the end :
Here, far beneath the tainted foam
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.
There's quiet in the deep.

ANDRE'S REQUEST TO WASHINGTON.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

It is not the fear of death
That damps my brow,
It is not for another breath
I ask thee now ;
I can die with a lip unstirred
And a quiet heart—
Let but this prayer be heard
Ere I depart.

I can give up my mother's look—
My sister's kiss ;
I can think of love—yet brook
A death like this !
I can give up the young fame
I burned to win—
All—but the spotless name
I glory in.

Thine is the power to give,
Thine to deny,
Joy for the hour I live—
Calmness to die.
By all the brave should cherish,
By my dying breath,
I ask that I may perish
By a soldier's death !

THEY SAY THAT NE'ER BY FORTUNE'S
GALE.

BY GEORGE D. STRONG.

THEY say that ne'er by fortune's gale
My hero's brow was fanned,
That round his tall and graceful form
No powdered menials stand :
What care I for the glittering dross
That lures but to betray ?
Love claims affection's holier gems
To cheer his lonely way !

They tell me that my charmer owns
No proud ancestral line,
That, sparkling on his manly breast,
No courtly emblems shine :

Alas, o'er many a courtier's brow
Dark falsehood's ensigns wave,
And jewels oft have flashed around
Foul passion's palsied slave.

Then cease, the fruitless theme forego,
Nor mock my pure desire ;
Not mine the transient, flickering flame
That kindles to expire !
Fortune I spurn, her gifts despise ;
Be mine the blissful lot
With him life's ills and joys to share
In palace or in cot.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

BY J. HOWARD PAYNE.

MID pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain,
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again ;

The birds singing gaily that came at my call ;
Give me these, with peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home.

THE BUCKET.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view !
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew ;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well ;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure ;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell ;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well ;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips !
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well ;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in his well.

MY GENEROUS HEART DISDAINS.

BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

My generous heart disdains
The slave of love to be,
I scorn his servile chains,
And boast my liberty.
This whining
And pining
And wasting with care,
Are not to my taste, be she ever so fair.

Shall a girl's capricious frown
Sink my noble spirits down?
Shall a face of white and red
Make me droop my silly head?
Shall I set me down and sigh
For an eyebrow or an eye?
For a braided lock of hair,
Curse my fortune, and despair?
My generous heart disdains, &c.

Still uncertain is to-morrow,
Not quite certain is to-day—
Shall I waste my time in sorrow?
Shall I languish life away?
All because a cruel maid
Hath not love with love repaid.
My generous heart disdains, &c.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

BY ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

DAYS of my youth,
Ye have glided away:
Hairs of my youth,
Ye are frosted and gray:
Eyes of my youth,
Your keen sight is no more:

Cheeks of my youth,
Ye are furrowed all o'er :
Strength of my youth,
All your vigour is gone :
Thoughts of my youth,
Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth,
I wish not your recall :
Hairs of my youth,
I'm content ye should fall :
Eyes of my youth,
You much evil have seen :
Cheeks of my youth,
Bathed in tears have you been :
Thoughts of my youth,
You have led me astray :
Strength of my youth,
Why lament your decay ?

Days of my age,
Ye will shortly be past :
Pains of my age,
Yet awhile ye can last :
Joys of my age,
In true wisdom delight :
Eyes of my age,
Be religion your light :
Thoughts of my age,
Dread ye not the cold sod :
Hopes of my age,
Be ye fixed on your God.

COUNTRY SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY ROYALL TYLER.

SQUEAK the fife and beat the drum,
Independence day is come !!
Let the roasting pig be bled,
Quick twist off the cockerel's head,
Quickly rub the pewter platter.
Heap the nutcakes, fried in butter.
Set the cups, and beaker glass,
The pumpkin and the apple sauce.

Send the keg to shop for brandy ;
Maple sugar we have handy.
Independent, staggering Dick,
A noggin mix of swingeing thick,
Sal, put on your russet skirt,
Jotham, get your *boughten* shirt,
To-day we dance to tiddle diddle.
—Here comes Sambo with his fiddle ;

Sambo, take a dram of whiskey,
And play up Yankee doodle frisky.
Moll, come leave your witched tricks,
And let us have a reel of six :
Father and mother shall make two ;
Sal, Moll, and I, stand all a-row,
Sambo, play and dance with quality ;
This is the day of blest equality.

Father and *mother* are but *men*,
And Sambo—is a citizen.
Come foot it, Sal—Moll, figure in,
And, mother, you dance up to him ;
Now saw as fast as e'er you can do,
And father, you cross o'er to Sambo.
—Thus we dance, and thus we play,
On glorious Independent day.—

Rub more rosin on your bow,
And let us have another go.
Zounds ! as sure as eggs and bacon,
Here's ensign Sneak, and uncle Deacon,
Aunt Thiah, and their Bets behind her,
On blundering mare, than beetle blinder.
And there's the 'Squire too, with his lady—
Sal, hold the beast, I'll take the baby.

Moll, bring the 'Squire our great armchair :
Good folks, we 're glad to see you here.
Jotham, get the great case bottle,
Your teeth can pull its corn-cob stopple.
Ensign,—Deacon, never mind ;
'Squire, drink until you're blind.
Thus we drink and dance away,
This glorious Independent day !

WHILE ZEPHYRS FAN THE VERDANT
GROVES.

BY JOSIAS LYNDON ARNOLD.

WHILE zephyrs fan the verdant groves,
And flowrets grace the plain,
While shepherds tell the nymphs their loves,
And flaunt in pleasure's train ;
To yonder cottage of my fair
My anxious footsteps tend ;
What joy so great as viewing there
A lover and a friend ?

To her I fear not to disclose
The feelings of my heart ;
She bears a part in all my woes—
In all my joys, a part.
If e'er she weeps, I kiss the tear,
And bid her sorrows end ;
If she is pleased, joy shows me near
A lover and a friend.

She's youthful, innocent, and gay,
Of perfect mind and mien ;
She quickly steals all hearts away,
Wherever she is seen.

But though each shepherd's heart she charms,
And they before her bend,
Round me alone she throws her arms,
A lover and a friend.

MARY WILL SMILE.

BY WILLIAM CLIFTON.

THE morn was fresh, and pure the gale,
When Mary, from her cot a rover,
Plucked many a wild rose of the vale
To bind the temples of her lover.
As near his little farm she strayed,
Where birds of love were ever pairing,
She saw her William in the shade,
The arms of ruthless war preparing.
"Though now," he cried, "I seek the hostile plain,
Mary shall smile, and all be fair again."

She seized his hand, and "Ah!" she cried,
"Wilt thou, to camps and war a stranger,
Desert thy Mary's faithful side,
And bare thy life to every danger?
Yet go, brave youth! to arms away!"

My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee,
And when the drum beats far away,
I'll drop a silent tear and bless thee.
Returned with honor from the hostile plain,
Mary will smile, and all be fair again.

"The bugles through the forest wind,
The woodland soldiers call to battle,—
Be some protecting angel kind,
And guard thy life when cannons rattle!"
She sung, and as the rose appears
In sunshine, when the storm is over,
A smile beamed sweetly through her tears,
The blush of promise to her lover.
Returned in triumph from the hostile plain,
All shall be fair, and Mary smile again.

THE RUINS.

BY SELLECK OSBORN.

I'VE seen, in twilight's pensive hour,
The moss-clad dome, the mouldering tower,
In awful ruin stand ;
That dome, where grateful voices sung,
That tower, whose chiming music rung,
Majestically grand !

I've seen, mid sculptured pride, the tomb
Where heroes slept, in silent gloom,
Unconscious of their fame ;
Those who, with laurelled honours crowned,
Among their foes spread terror round,
And gained—an empty name !

I've seen in death's dark palace laid,
The ruins of a beauteous maid,
Cadaverous and pale !
That maiden who, while life remained,
O'er rival charms in triumph reigned,
The mistress of the vale.

I've seen, where dungeon damp's abide,
A youth, admired in manhood's pride,
In morbid fancy rave ;
He who, in reason's happier day,
Was virtuous, witty, nobly gay,
Learned, generous, and brave.

Nor dome, nor tower, in twilight shade,
Nor hero fallen, nor beauteous maid,
To ruin all consigned—
Can with such pathos touch my breast
As (on the maniac's form impressed)
The ruins of the mind !

I AM COME TO THIS SYCAMORE TREE.

BY WILLIAM MAXWELL.

I AM come to this sycamore tree,
And lay myself down in its shade :
The world has no pleasure for me ;
The hopes of my youth are betrayed.
Flow on, thou sweet musical stream,
My murmurs shall mingle with thine ;
My spirit is wrapt in a dream,
The sadness I feel is divine.

Hope took me, a gay little child,
And soothed me to sleep on her breast,
And, like my own mother, she smiled
O'er the dreams of my innocent rest.
Then beauty came whispering sweet,
Every word had a magical power ;
And pleasure, with eyes of deceit,
Enticed me to enter her bower.

There love showed his glittering dart,
Just bathed in the nectar of bees ;
While fancy persuaded my heart,
That his only design was to please.
And fame held her wreath of renown,
All blooming with laurels divine ;
And promised the flourishing crown,
To circle these temples of mine.

Then I said to myself in my sleep,
How lovely is all that I see !
I shall never have reason to weep,
For the world is a garden to me.
But an angel came down from the skies,
And claimed me at once as her own ;
Fair truth shed her light on my eyes,
And the shades of delusion are flown.

I sigh for the dreams of my youth,
All melted away into air ;
Yet say, that the sweet light of truth
Betray my poor heart to despair ?
Ah no ! I may mourn for awhile,
Till my bosom is freed from its leaven ;
Then peace shall return with a smile,
And faith waft my spirit to heaven.

LOVE, THE LEAVES ARE FALLING.

BY ROBERT S. COFFIN.

Love, the leaves are falling round thee ;
All the forest trees are bare ;
Winter's snow will soon surround thee,
Soon will frost thy raven hair :
Then say, with me,
Love, wilt thou flee,

Nor wait to hear sad autumn's prayer ?
For winter rude
Will soon intrude,
Nor aught of summer's blushing beauties spare.

Love, the rose lies withering by thee,
And the lily blooms no more ;
Nature's charms will quickly fly thee,
Chilling rains around thee pour :
Oh, then with me,
Love, wilt thou flee,
Ere whirling tempests round thee roar,
And winter dread
Shall frost thy head,
And all thy raven ringlets silver o'er ?

Love, the moon is shining for thee ;
All the lamps of heaven are bright ;
Holy spirits glide before thee,
Urging on thy tardy flight ;
Then say, with me,
Love, wilt thou flee,
Nor wait the sun's returning light ?
Time's finger rude,
Will soon intrude
Relentless, all thy blushing beauties blight.

Love, the flowers no longer greet thee,
All their lovely hues are fled !
No more the violet springs to meet thee,
Lifting slow its modest head :

Then say, with me,
Love, wilt thou flee,
And leave this darkling desert dread?
And seek a clime
Of joy sublime,
Where fadeless flowers a lasting fragrance shed?

THE PILLAR OF GLORY.

BY EDWIN C. HOLLAND.

HAIL to the heroes whose triumphs have brightened
The darkness which shrouded America's name;
Long shall their valour in battle that lightened,
Live in the brilliant escutcheons of fame:
Dark where the torrents flow,
And the rude tempests blow,
The storm-clad spirit of Albion raves;
Long shall she mourn the day,
When, in the vengeful fray,
Liberty walked like a god on the waves.

The ocean, ye chiefs, (the region of glory,
Where fortune has destined Columbia to reign,)
Gleams with the halo and lustre of story,
That curl round the wave as the scene of her fame:
There, on its raging tide,
Shall her proud navy ride,

The bulwark of freedom, protected by heaven ;
There shall her haughty foe,
Bow to her prowess low,
There shall renown to her heroes be given.

The Pillar of Glory, the sea that enlightens,
Shall last till eternity rocks on its base,
The splendour of fame its waters that brightens,
Shall light the footsteps of time in his race :
Wide o'er the stormy deep,
Where the rude surges sweep,
Its lustre shall circle the brows of the brave ;
Honour shall give it light,
Triumph shall keep it bright,
Long as in battle we meet on the wave.

Already the storm of contention has hurled
From the grasp of Old England the trident of war,
The beams of our stars have illumined the world,
Unfurled our standard beats proud in the air :
Wild glares the eagle's eye,
Swift as he cuts the sky,
Marking the wake where our heroes advance ;
Compassed with rays of light,
Hovers he o'er the fight ;
Albion is heartless—and stoops to his glance.

WHY SHOULD WE SIGH ?

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

WHY should we sigh when Fancy's dream,
The ray that shone mid youthful tears,
Departing, leaves no kindly gleam,
To cheer the lonely waste of years ?
Why should we sigh ?—The fairy charm
That bound each sense in folly's chain
Is broke, and Reason, clear and calm,
Resumes her holy rights again.

Why should we sigh that earth no more
Claims the devotion once approved ?
That joys endeared, with us are o'er,
And gone are those these hearts have loved ?
Why should we sigh ?—Unfading bliss
Survives the narrow grasp of time ;
And those that asked our tears in this,
Shall render smiles in yonder clime.

TOM MOORE, AGAIN WE'RE MET.

BY JOHN EVERETT.

TOM MOORE, again we're met—
By the sparkles of thine eye,
By thy lip with bright wine wet,
Thou art glad as well as I.
And thine eye shall gleam the brighter
Ere our meeting shall be o'er,
And thy minstrelsy flow lighter
With our healths to thee, Tom Moore.

For thy boyish songs of woman
Thrown about like unstrung pearls,
Ere thy armed spirit's summon,
Bade thee leave thy bright-haired girls;
For thy satire's quenchless arrows
On the foes thy country bore,
For thy song of Erin's sorrows,
Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore.

Drink to Moore, drink to Moore—
What though England renounce him,
Her dark days shall soon be o'er,
And her brightest band surround him.
In the land, then, of the vine,
To thee its glittering drops we pour,
And in warmest, reddest wine,
Drink a health to thee, Tom Moore.

IS IT THE WELCOME ROAR.

BY THOMAS O. FOLSOM.

Is it the welcome roar
Of thundering signal gun ?—
Hark ! for the sound bursts through once more,
Rending night's robe of dun.
It is the welcome sound,
The joyous call to war,
For the near bugle screams around
The cry to arms—hurrah !

From beauty's straining arms
And banquet pleasures spring,
Bring out the trusty sword and steed,
Our proud old banner bring ;
The drum is rolling loud,
Clatters the ponderous car,
And mustering warriors onward crowd,
And blithely shout—hurrah !

The early dawn shall glance
On the long gleaming line,
Proudly the buoyant plume will dance,
And burnished bayonet shine ;
The soldier's heart will leap
As trumpets ring afar,—
They summon him away to reap
His wreaths of fame—hurrah !

Lo ! yonder comes the foe—
Rush on with gun and glaive,
For freedom 'tis ye strike below
The banner of the brave ;
On—on, until they fly,
Their fiercest daring mar—
'Tis well ! fling down the brand and cry
The victor shout—hurrah !

A HEALTH.

BY EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

I FILL this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon ;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that like the air, 'tis less of earth than
heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning
birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her
words ;
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips
each flows
As one may see the burdened bee forth issue from the
rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measure of her
hours ;
Her feelings have the fragrancý, the freshness, of young
flowers ;
And lonely passions, changing oft, so fill her, she ap-
pears
The image of themselves by turns,—the idol of past
years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the
brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long
remain ;
But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh will not be life's,
but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman of her gentle sex the seeming paragon—
Her health ! and would on earth there stood some more
of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

'TIS THE BREAK OF DAY.

BY ROBERT WALN.

'Tis the break of day, and cloudless weather,
The eager dogs are all roaming together,
The moor-cock is flitting across the heather,

Up, rouse from your slumbers,

Away !

No vapour encumbers the day ;

Wind the echoing horn,

For the waking morn

Peeps forth in its mantle of gray.

The wild-boar is shaking his dewy bristle,
The partridge is sounding his morning whistle,
The red-deer is bounding o'er the thistle,

Up, rouse from your slumbers,

Away !

No vapour encumbers the day ;

Wind the echoing horn,

For the waking morn

Peeps forth in its mantle of gray.

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

BY HENRY J. FINN.

DEEP mists hung over the mariner's grave
When the holy funeral rite was read ;
And every breath on the dark blue wave
Seemed hushed, to hallow the friendless dead.

And heavily heaved on the gloomy sea,
The ship that sheltered that homeless one—
As though his funeral-hour should be
When the waves were still and the winds were gone.

And there he lay, in his coarse, cold shroud—
And strangers were round the coffinless :
Not a kinsman was seen among that crowd,
Not an eye to weep, nor a lip to bless.

No sound from the church's passing-bell
Was echoed along the pathless deep,
The hearts that were far away to tell
Where the mariner lies, in his lasting sleep.

Not a whisper then lingered upon the air—
O'er his body, one moment, his messmates bent ;
But *the plunging sound of the dead was there—*
And the ocean is now his monument !

But many a sigh, and many a tear,
Shall be breathed, and shed, in the hours to come—
When the widow and fatherless shall hear
How he died, far, far from his happy home!

LIFE A DREAM.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE.

Our life is a dream—when memory surveys
The scenes that have sped with the flight of her days,
They resemble those visions of grief or delight,
Which so frequently dance on the mind, for a night.

The youth is in Eden, beneath the fresh bowers,
Or culling his temples a chaplet of flowers :
The glad offspring embraces its parent again,
And hears the fond voice it had longed for in vain.

The friend, whose dark destiny long had been wept,
And whose dust the four winds of the heavens had swept,
In the smiles of an angel from slumber returns,
And asks his beloved, “ Why so sadly he mourns ? ”

The minstrel exults—for his exile is o'er ;
And he rouses his harp from its silence once more—
But the least breathing whisper, the stir of a leaf,
Ushers in on the fancy the morning of grief!

“And where,” asks the youth, “is my nosegay of
flowers,
Which I thought I had wove in the shade of the bowers?”
And where, hapless child, is the parent you pressed,
In the rapture of joy, to your languishing breast?

And where is the smile of that friend who returned
From his slumber, and asked why so sadly I mourned?
'Twas a phantom—too gay, when it sports on the mind;
But a phantom which alway leaves sorrow behind.

So passes our life : in the slumber of night
The fancy is gilded with dreams of delight—
But, ah ! when again from that slumber we rise,
Every dream about pleasure deceitfully flies.

THE CHARTER OAK.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

CHARTER Oak ! Charter Oak !
Tell us a tale
Of the years that have fled
Like the leaves on the gale :
For thou bear'st a brave annal
On thy brown root and stem,
And thy heart was a casket
For Liberty's gem.

Speak out in thy wisdom,
Oracular tree,
And we and our children
Will listen to thee ;
For the lore of the aged
Is dear in our eyes,
And thy leaves and thine acorns
As relics we prize.

I see them—they come—
The dim ages of old—
The sires of our nation,
True-hearted, and bold ;
The axe of the woodman
Rings sharp through the glade,
And the worn Indian hunter
Reclines in thy shade.

I see them—they come !
The gray fathers are there,
Who won from the forest
This heritage fair ;
With their high trust in heaven,
As they suffered or toiled,
Both the tempest and tyrant,
Unblenching, they foiled.

Charter Oak ! Charter Oak !
Ancient and fair,
Thou didst guard of our freedom
The rudiment rare ;—

So, a crown of green leaves
Be thy gift, noble tree,
With the love of the brave,
And the thanks of the free !

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

IN beauty lingers on the hills
The death-smile of the dying day :
And twilight in my heart instils
The softness of its rosy ray.
I watch the river's peaceful flow,
Here, standing by my mother's grave,
And feel my dreams of glory go,
Like weeds upon its sluggish wave.

God gives us ministers of love,
Which we regard not, being near ;
Death takes them from us, then we feel
That angels have been with us here !
As mother, sister, friend, or wife,
They guide us, cheer us, soothe our pain ;
And, when the grave has closed between
Our hearts and theirs, we love—in vain !

Would, Mother ! thou couldst hear me tell
How oft, amid my brief career,
For sins and follies loved too well,
Hath fallen the free repentant tear !
And, in the waywardness of youth,
How better thoughts have given to me
Contempt for error, love for truth,
Mid sweet remembrances of thee !

The harvest of my youth is done,
And manhood, come with all its cares,
Finds, garnered up within my heart,
For every flower a thousand tares.
Dear Mother ! couldst thou know my thoughts
Whilst bending o'er this holy shrine,
The depth of feeling in my breast,
Thou wouldst not blush to call me thine !

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough !
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hack it down ?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here ;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree ! the storm still brave !
And, woodman, leave the spot ;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

THE SEXTON.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

NIGH to a grave, that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade :
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train through the open gate :
A relic of by-gone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foamy sea—
And these words came from his lips so thin,
“I gather them in ! I gather them in !”

“I gather them in ! for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,
I’ve builded the houses that lie around
In every nook of this burial ground.
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude, one by one—
But come they strangers or come they kin,
I gather them in ! I gather them in !

“Many are with me, but still I’m alone !
I am king of the dead—and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold,
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.
Come they from cottage or come they from hall—
Mankind are my subjects—all, all, all !
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilsfully spin—
I gather them in ! I gather them in !

"I gather them in—and their final rest,
Is here, down here in the earth's dark breast"—
And the sexton ceased—for the funeral train
Wound mutely over that solemn plain :
And I said to my heart—when time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din—
"I gather them in ! I gather them in !"

HASTE, BOATMAN, HASTE.

BY MISS CASTELLO.

Boat ahoy ! boat ahoy ! boat ahoy !

Haste, boatman, haste, there's not to-night
Or mist or cloud we may discover,
The air is pure, the moon is bright,
Unmoor thy bark and row me over.

The nightingale at distance calls,
The willows wave amid the gloaming,
Gay lights, like glow-worms gem those walls,
And yon fair lady awaits my coming.

Haste, boatman, such a stream and shore,
And such a star to guide a lover,
Should give new vigour to thine oar,—
Then take thy bark and row me over.

Dost thou not hear her soft guitar,
And softer voice, the echoes swelling?
Dost thou not mark yon guiding star,
Whose rays are beaming o'er her dwelling?

OH! FLY TO THE PRAIRIE.

BY JOHN K. MITCHELL.

OH! fly to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me,
'Tis as green and as wild and as wide as the sea,
O'er its soft silken bosom the summer winds glide,
And wave the wild grass in its billowy pride;
The fawns in the meadow fields fearlessly play,—
Away to the chase, lovely maiden, away.
Bound, bound to thy courser, the bison is near,
And list to the tramp of the light-footed deer.

The woodsman delights in his trees and his shade,
But see! there's no sun on the cheek of his maid;
His flowers are blighted, his blossoms look pale,
And mildew is riding his vaporous gale.
Hurrah for the prairie! no blight on its breeze,
No mist from the mountains, no shadow from trees,
It steals incense loaded that gale from the west,
As bees from the prairie-rose fly to the nest.

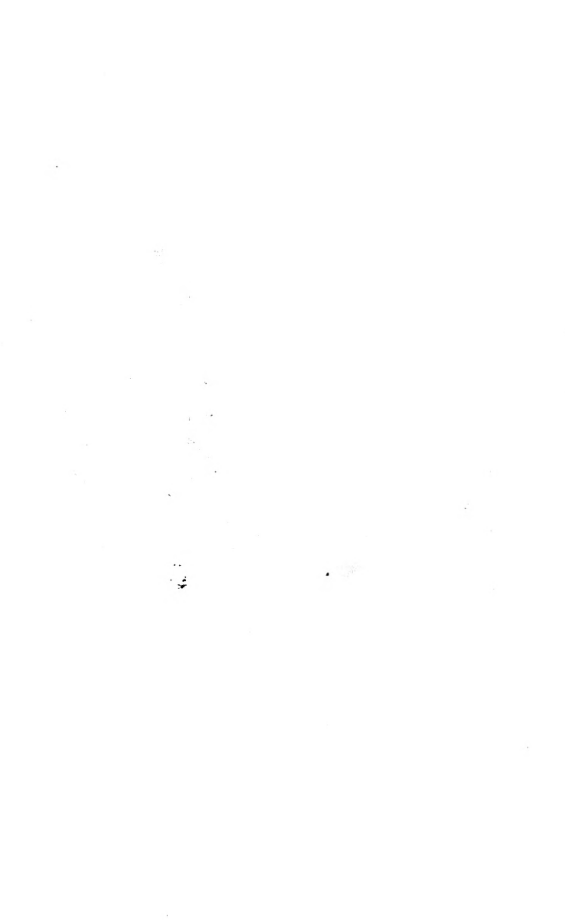
Oh ! fly to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me,
The vine and the prairie-rose cluster for thee,
And hailing the moon in the prairie-propt sky,
The mocking-bird echoes the katydid's cry.
Oh ! there's nothing to cloy in the wilds of the west,
Each day has its pleasure, each evening its rest :
Then fly to the prairie, sweet maiden, with me,
'Tis as green and as wild and as wide as the sea.

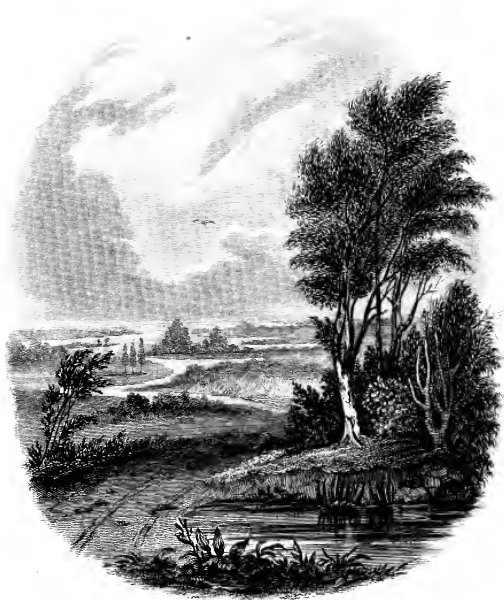
THE SICILIAN CRUSADER'S RETURN.

BY WILLIAM J. SNELLING.

AWAKE, awake, my own true love !
My lady bright, arise !
The sparkling orbs that roll above
Shall veil their light, afraid to prove
The lustre of thine eyes.
The air is bland, the eastern breeze,
O'er ocean's heaving bosom stealing,
Derives fresh fragrance from the trees
Of verdant isles that gem the seas,
Their spicy odours all revealing.

When sleep prevails thine eyelids o'er,
Dost ever dream of me ?
Amidst the loud artillery's roar,
The savage voice of stormy war,
I ever thought on thee.





Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
The solitary way?

Line 99

Then wake, and tell thy soldier true
Thy love, once won, is won forever;
Our days of youthful bliss review—
Our plighted faith again renew—
We meet, O joy ! no more to sever.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

THE UNION HYMN.

BY DR. WARD.

WHEN o'er the wide land terror-clouds were rolling,
When tyrant rulers threatened to enslave,
What did our fathers in that fearful trial,
Weak, scattered, few, their precious rights to save ?

Not with desponding, not with despairing,
Did the bold freemen meet the tempest-blast ;
But solemn, firm, with hearts and hands united,
Life, fortune, honour, staked upon the cast.

CHORUS.

Then rally round the star-flag ! sons and heirs of free-
men—

All chains we spurn, save such as brothers bind :
Oh ! sacred union ! marriage tie of heaven—

Who dare divorce what God himself has joined ?
Then hail, hail, to Union !—sole chain of freemen !

Stones of one arch, one common fate we'll find :
Together !—together !—A band of brothers all,
Together will we stand or fall !

When rending cannon pealed their dreadful thunder,
When hireling legions stained the sacred soil,

What did our fathers in that hour appalling—

Half-armed, unused to front the battle-broil ?
Not by retreating from the frightful carnage

Did the true soldiers yield the sod to slaves ;
But linked together shoulder to shoulder,

Bore their invaders back upon the waves.
Then rally, &c.

When thwarted traitors sought our bands to sunder,

When party frenzy shook the land's extremes,
What did our fathers when the clouds of treason

Hung o'er our stars and dimmed their rising beams ?

Not to ambition yielding false-hearted,
Were the true patriots tempted by the spoil :
North, South, and West, in phalanx staunch, unbroker,
Spurned their false friends and hissed them from the
scil.

Then rally, &c.

When crashing broadsides o'er the waves were booming,
When haughty fleets our commerce would dismay,
What did our fathers when the lords of ocean
Bade them surrender to their sovereign sway ?
Not basely yielding to the lofty summons
Did the bold seamen from the struggle flee ;
But to the rent mast nailed the insulted standard,
And round it rallying, set the ocean free.

Then rally, &c.

Firm linked and true in every coming danger,
War, civil broil, or treason's dreader pest,
Still like our fathers will we cling to union—
Hold but to that, and Heaven will do the rest !—
Year after year along our dazzling banner
New stars uprising, swell the clustered flame :
Nations benighted hail the constellation—
Beacon of Freedom on the heights of Fame !
Then rally, &c

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

MRS. WILLARD.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep ;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, oh ! Lord, hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall !
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death !
In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality ;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

THE LAST LEAF,

BY O. W. HOLMES.

I SAW him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn ;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said
" They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,

And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady ; she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches—and all that,
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring—
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

I THINK OF THEE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I THINK of thee, when morning springs
From sleep with plumage bathed in dew,
And, like a young bird, lifts her wings
Of gladness on the welkin blue.

And when, at noon, the breath of love
O'er flower and stream is wandering free
And sent in music from the grove,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when soft and wide
The evening spreads her robes of light,
And, like a young and timid bride,
Sits blushing in the arms of Night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent springs
In light o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,
And stars are forth like blessed things,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee ;—that eye of flame,
Those tresses falling bright and free,
That brow where “ Beauty writes her name,
On fancy rush ;—I think of thee.

TIME.

BY W. H. TIMROD.

THEY slander thee, "old traveller,"
Who say that thy delight
Is to scatter ruin far and wide
In thy wantonness of might,
For not a leaf that falleth
Before thy restless wings,
But thou changest in thy rapid flight,
To a thousand brighter things.

Thou passest o'er the battle-field
Where the dead lie stiff and stark,
Where nought is heard, save the vulture's scream,
And the gaunt wolf's famished bark.
But thou hast caused the grain to spring
From the blood enriched clay,
And the waving corn-tops seem to dance
To the rustic's merry lay.

Thou hast strewn the lordly palace
In ruin o'er the ground,
And the dismal screech of the owl is heard
Where the harp was wont to sound ;
But the self-same spot thou coverest
With the dwellings of the poor,
And a thousand happy hearts enjoy
What one usurped before.

'Tis true thy progress layeth
Full many a loved one low,
And for the brave and beautiful
Thou hast caused our tears to flow ;
But "*always*" near the couch of death
Nor thou, nor we can stay,
And the breath of thy departing wings
Dries all our tears away.

THE WAVE.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

LIST ! thou child of wind and sea,
Tell me of the far off deep,
Where the tempest's wing is free,
And the waters never sleep.
Thou perchance the storm hath aided,
In its works of stern despair,
Or perchance thy hand hath braided,
In deep caves, the mermaid's hair.

Wave ! now on the golden sands,
Silent as thou art, and broken,
Bearest thou not from distant strands
To my heart some pleasant token ?

Tales of mountains of the south,
Spangles of the ore of silver,
Which with playful singing mouth,
Thou hast leaped on high to pilfer ?

Mournful Wave ! I deemed thy song
Was telling of a floating prison,
Which when tempests swept along,
And the mighty winds were risen,
Foundered in the ocean's grasp,
While the brave and fair were dying.
Wave ! didst mark a white hand clasp
In thy folds as thou wert flying ?

Hast thou seen the hallowed rock,
Where the pride of kings reposes,
Crowned with many a misty lock,
Wreathed with samphire green and roses ?
Or with joyous playful leap
Hast thou been a tribute flinging
Up that bold and jutting steep,
Pearls upon the south wind stringing ?

Faded Wave ! a joy to thee
Now thy flight and toil are over !
Oh ! may my departure be
Calm as thine, thou ocean rover !
When the soul's last joy or mirth
On the shore of time is driven,
Be its lot like thine on earth,
To be lost away in heaven.

THE WIFE.

BY A. P. DINNIES.

"She flung her white arms around him—Thou art all
That this poor heart can cling to."

I COULD have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear.
I could have smiled on every blow
From life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brooked,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now ;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek ;

To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be "alone ;"

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As filled with heaven-ward trust, they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer ;"
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break when thou art gone ;
It must not be ; we may not part ;
I could not live "alone !"

SONG OF THE ZEPHYR SPIRIT.

BY W. G. SIMMS.

I COME from the deeps where the mermaiden twines,
In her bowers of amber, her garlands of shells :
Where the sands are of gold, and of crystal the vines,
And the spirit of gladness unchangingly dwells—
I breathed on the harp at Zephyrus' cave,
And the strain, as it rose, glided upward with me ;
No dwelling on earth, but my home is the wave,
And my couch is the coral grove, deep in the sea.

Thou hast dreamed—hast thou not?—of those wave-
girdled bowers,

Where all that can win the heart, beams on the sight :
Where life is a frolic through fancies and flowers,
And the soul lives in dreams of a lasting delight.
Thou wouldst win what thy dreams have long brought
to thy view,

Thou wouldst dwell with the moon that now beams
upon thee ;

To the fears of the earth—to its cares, bid adieu,
Come, rest in the coral grove, deep in the sea.

With my breath I will fan thee when noonday is nigh,
The gentlest of mermaids will lull thee to sleep ;
She will watch by thy couch when the sun passes by,
Nor fly when the moon leaves her home in the deep.
Each joy thou hast sighed for, shall there be thine own,
The sorrows of time from thy slumbers shall flee ;
Then come with me—win all the pleasures I've shown,
Come, rest in the coral grove, deep in the sea.

SEE IN DISTANCE MILDLY GLEAMING.

BY JAMES H. CLAIBORNE.

SEE in distance mildly gleaming,
Summer's parting ray,
Forest nigh where two are dreaming ;
Both are flowers of May !

He has left a couch of sorrow
Once again to say,
Wilt thou be mine own to-morrow,
Fairest flower of May ?

Oft he sued and oft was slighted,
Praying day by day,
Yet his hope was ever blighted
By that flower of May.

That flower faded—she's alone,
He is far away ;
No one's there to hear thy moan,
Fickle flower of May.

AROUSE YE, GAY COMRADES.

BY THOMAS POWER.

AROUSE ye, gay comrades, the waves sparkle bright,
Old Neptune, in glee, shakes his beard at the sight ;
Well manned be each oar, well braced be each heart,
And away from the shore like a sea-bird we'll start.

To the boat ! to the boat ! pleasure calls us away,
While in light-rowing measure we speed o'er the bay.

Then gather, gay comrades, the winds gently blow,
And sunbeams have touched the fair scene with a glow ;
There's hope for all care, there's joy for all pain,
Let each voice on the air wake in chorus the strain.

To the boat ! to the boat ! pleasure calls us away,
While in light-rowing measure we speed o'er the bay.

GOD BLESS AMERICA.

BY ROBERT M. BIRD.

God bless the land that gave us birth !
No prayer but this know we,—
God bless the land, of all the earth,
The happy and the free.
And where's the land like ours can brave
The splendour of the day,

And find no son of hers a slave ?

God bless America !

God bless the land, the land beloved,

Forever and for aye !

God bless the land that gave us birth,

God bless America.

For liberty our grandsires trod

The wide and stormy sea ;

Our fathers bought it with their blood.

Their children all are free :

And free, amid earth's servile hordes,

To point the patriot's way,

With ploughshares turned in war to swords—

God bless America.

God bless the land, &c.

The desert howled—the pilgrims came,

They fled oppression's chain :

The desert blossomed, and the flame

Of freedom rose again.

And here, where hearts of fire are born,

That flame shall ne'er decay,

While babes laugh kings and slaves to scorn—

God bless America.

God bless the land, &c.

And from our land, in hour of need,

Avert thy darkening frown ;

Bind up all loyal hearts that bleed,

And strike the traitor down.

And shall the serpent foe prevail ?
Shall friend, or fiend betray ?
Up with the star-flag to the gale !
God bless America.
God bless the land, &c.

The banner of our Union loved
Shall wave the ages on ;
While time shall find no stripe removed,
No bright star quenched and gone :
And kingly states, convulsed, shall die,
From earth be swept away ;
While millions still uphold the cry,
God bless America.
God bless the land, &c.

A YANKEE SHIP AND A YANKEE CREW.

BY J. S. JONES.

A YANKEE ship and a yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know ;
O'er the bright blue waves like a sea-bird flew ;
Sing hey aloft and alow.
Her wings are spread to the fairy breeze,
The spray sparkling as thrown from her prow ;
Her flag is the proudest that floats on the seas,
Her way homeward she's steering now.

A yankee ship and a yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know,
O'er the bright blue waves like a sea-bird flew ;
Sing hey aloft and alow.

A yankee ship and a yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know ;
With hearts on board both gallant and true,
The same aloft and alow.
The blackened sky and the whistling wind,
Foretell the quick approach of the gale ;
A home and its joys flit o'er each mind
Husbands ! lovers ! " on deck there," a sail.
A yankee ship and a yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know :
Distress is the word,—God speed them through ;
Bear a hand, aloft and alow.

A yankee ship and a yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know ;
The boats all clear, the wreck we now view,
" All hands" aloft and alow.
A ship is his throne, the sea his world,
He ne'er sheers from a shipmate distressed ;
All's well—the reefed sails again are unfurled,
O'er the swell he is cradled to rest.
A yankee ship and a yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know ;
Storm past, drink to " wives and sweethearts" too,
All hands ! aloft and alow.

A yankee ship and a yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know,
Freedom defends, and the land where it grew—
We're free—aloft and alow.
Bearing down is a foe in regal pride,
Defiance floating at each mast head ;
One's a wreck—and she bears that floats alongside
The stars and stripes, to victory wed.
For a yankee ship and a yankee crew,
Tally hi ho, you know,
Ne'er strikes to a foe while the sky is blue,
Or a tar's aloft or alow.

AWAY TO MY MOUNTAIN HOME, AWAY.

BY ROBERT GRANT.

SWIFT for my mountain home once more,
My bark shall o'er the dark waves glide,
And swelling on thy rock-bound shore,
Again the dashing surges ride.
Again I'll wander where the pine's
Dark waving curtain shades the earth,
Where scarce a softened sunbeam shines
To gild the lonely broom-flower's birth.
My mountain home ! my mountain home !
Away to my mountain home ! Away.

Or where the hunter's light canoe
Steals swiftly o'er the forest lake ;
Or where the dun deer bounding through,
At evening stir the soft green brake.
I love, oh well I love to brave
Thy hill-bound torrent's swollen stream ;
Or where the moon-lit waters lave
Thy mountain shores, by night to dream.
My mountain home, &c.

Welcome thy tempest and thy foam,
Thy waking voices from the sea,
Breathing wild music round my home !
My spirit longs again for thee.
Then hail ! my mountain home, again
O'er the blue waves I see thee rise—
The eagle of the heaving main,
Spreading thy pinions round the skies.
My mountain home, &c.

THERE IS BEAUTY ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY B. BARTON.

THERE is beauty on the mountain,
In the morning's early gleam,
There is beauty in the fountain,
By the moonlight's silvery beam,

But more beautiful the splendour
Of thy smile, love, when we meet,
And that dewy eye more tender,
Which can make e'en parting sweet.

There is music in the measure
Of the soaring skylark's lay,
When he hails with eager pleasure
The rising orb of day.
But my ear would rather listen
To the human voice benign,
And mine eye would soonest glisten,
If that voice beloved were thine.

'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE.

BY F. W. THOMAS.

'Tis said that absence conquers love !
But, oh ! believe it not ;
I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
Lady, though fate has bid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear—
As fixed in this devoted heart,
As when I clasped thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
And smile to hear thy name ;
And yet, as if I thought aloud,
They know me still the same ;
And when the wine cup passes round,
I toast some other fair ;
But when I ask my heart the sound,
Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,
And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return,
Like the returning dove.
In vain ! I never can forget,
And would not be forgot ;
For I must bear the same regret,
Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
Its favourite bower to die,
So, lady ! I would hear thee speak,
And yield my parting sigh.
'Tis said that absence conquers love !
But, oh ! believe it not ;
I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

THE HOUR OF LOVE.

BY FRANCIS B. BACON.

WHEN morning wakes o'er hill and stream,
When dew-drops on the blossoms gleam,
When summer birds their matins sing,
When bursting buds their fragrance fling,
When zephyrs breathe their sweet perfume,
When beauty's cheek puts on its bloom ;
Then is the hour of love.

When daylight on the mountain dies,
When twilight lingers on the skies,
When, sweetly o'er the dewy plains,
The bulbul pours her vesper strains,
When eve's bright star in mildness beams,
When fancy weaves her wildest dreams ;
Then is the hour of love.

When, in the starry skies of night,
The moon hath bent her bow of light ;
When hill, and plain, and lake, and stream,
Are sleeping 'neath her silvery beam ;
When earthly thoughts die in the breast,
When passion's waves are lulled to rest ;
Then is the hour of love.

KIND, KIND AND GENTLE IS SHE.

BY GABRIEL H. BARBOUR.

KIND, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary ;
The tender blossom o' the tree
Can ne'er compare wi' Mary.

Her brow is fair as winter's snow,
Her cheeks wi' modest roses glow,
And dove-like glances sweetly flow
Fra' out the e'en of Mary.
Sae kind, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary ;
The tender blossom o' the tree,
Nae purer is than Mary.

Oh ! shouldst thou meet some haughty lass,
Her head wi' pride and folly toss ;
Ne'er look on her, but let her pass,
For oh ! she's not my Mary.
Sae kind, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary ;
The tender blossom o' the tree,
Nae purer is than Mary.

But see you one, wi' modest air,
Bedecked wi' beauties soft and rare ;
That makes your heart feel sweetly sair,
Oh weel ye ken, 'tis Mary.
Sae kind, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary ;
The tender blossom o' the tree,
Nae purer is than Mary.

And when you come to know her mind,
In nature's purest lore enshrined ;
Gang through the world, ye'll never find,
Anither like my Mary ;
Sae kind, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary ;
The tender blossom o' the tree,
Nae purer is than Mary.

I CANNA BID HIM GANG, MITHER.

BY ANDREW M'MAKIN.

I CANNA bid him gang, mither,
I canna bid him gae ;
I'm sure 'twad brak my heart, mither,
Gin he should chance obey.

He's a'e sae kind and winsome,
While we walk an the lea ;
And though the pride of fifty maids,
He a'e returns to me.

Then do not bid him gang, mither,
And prayers will ever flow ;
Indeed 'twad brak my heart, mither,
To bid dear Willie go :
He's a'e sae kind and winsome,
When we walk an the lea ;
And though the pride of fifty maids,
He a'e returns to me.

I KNOW A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care !
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care !
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care !
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care !
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care !
It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

LADY, AWAKEN.

BY EDMUND FLAGG.

LADY, awaken ! The moonlight is glowing,
 Beamy and bright, from the pure azure sky ;
Lady, awaken ! The night-breeze is flowing,
 Fitful and fresh, from its chambers on high.
Lady, awaken ! The night-bird is chanting,
 Fondly and wildly, his soft serenade ;
Lady, awaken ! Thy beauty is wanting
 To bless this enchantment before it shall fade.

Lady, awaken ! The night-dew is steeping,
 Softly and sweetly, the meadows afar ;
Lady, awaken ! The night-wave is sleeping,
 Oh ! waken and list to thy lover's guitar.
Lady, awaken ! The night-bird is chanting,
 Fondly and wildly, his soft serenade ;
Lady, awaken ! Thy beauty is wanting,
 To bless this enchantment before it shall fade.

HARK, BROTHERS, HARK.

BY J. H. WILLIS.

HARK, brothers, hark ! the evening gun,
 (Pull away steadily—all pull cheerily,)
Booms from the land at set of sun,
 (Pull away readily—all pull merrily.)
Bend to your oars, for the night breeze will soon
Ripple the waves to the silvery moon ;
 So happy are we,
 And fearless and free,
Pulling our boat o'er the moon-lit sea.

Pull away, boys, with main and might,
 (All pull readily—pull, mates cheerily,)
Looks that we love are here to-night,
 (Pull, brothers, steadily—all pull merrily.)
Our boat, like a sea-bird, skims swiftly along,
To the dip of our oars and the chime of our song ;
 So hearty we be,
 And jovial and free,
Pulling away o'er the dark blue sea.

Ladies at best hold landmen cheap,
 (Pull, lads, readily—all pull merrily ;)
Beauty's smiles are for sons of the deep,
 (Pull, boys, steadily—all pull cheerily ;)

And beautiful eyes—let them say what they will—
Beam ever brightest on blue-jackets still ;
 So happy and free
 And gleesome are we,
Pulling our boat o'er the tranquil sea.

Merrily, when we reach the shore,
 (Pull away readily—all pull cheerily,)
A can we'll drain to the lads of the oar,
 (Pull, boys, steadily—all pull merrily,
And frolic and fun shall be ours, till we
Are bounding again o'er the dark blue sea ;
 So happy are we,
 And fearless and free,
Pulling our boat o'er the moon-lit sea.

VILLAGER'S WINTER EVENING SONG.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Not a leaf on the tree—not a bud in the hollow,
Where late swung the blue-bell and blossomed the rose ;
And hushed is the cry of the chirping young swallow,
That perched on the hazel in twilight's dim close.

Gone, gone are the cowslip and sweet-scented brier,
That bloomed o'er the hillock and gladdened the vale ;
And the vine that uplifted its green-pointed spire,
Hangs drooping and sere on the frost-covered pale.

And hark to the gush of the deep-welling fountain,
That prattled and shone in the light of the moon ;
Soon, soon shall its rushing be still on the mountain,
And locked up in silence its merrisome tune.

Then heap up the hearth-stone with dry forest branches,
And gather about me, my children, in glee ;
For cold on the upland the stormy wind launches,
And dear is the home of my loved ones to me !

THE RARITAN.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

WINDING river, winding river !
How thy verdant banks I love,
Where the elm and drooping willow
Lowly hang thy wave above !
My native stream, my native stream !
Time has flaked my locks with snow ;
Yet, still unchanged thy waters seem,
Still as of yore thy waters flow !

Silv'ry river, silv'ry river!

Swift as thee did boyhood glide ;
Careless then thy woods I roam'd, with
Tray so trusty by my side.
Stream of beauty, stream of beauty !
Ripple o'er thy pebbly bed !
Like thy ringing was my laugh, as
Fleetly o'er thy sands I fled.

Bounding river, bounding river !

Oft with net or baited steel
Thy golden perch or silv'ry shad
Boyish art I've made to feel.
My native stream, my native stream !
Light my skiff has cleft thy tide,
Starting black-duck from thy breast, or
Reed-bird from thy sedgy side.

Gentle river, gentle river !

O'er thy sands of silver flow !
Calm and placid as thy bosom
Was my spirits' happy flow !
Stream of childhood, stream of childhood !
Oft my heart has turned to thee,
When, wand'ring on some distant strand,
Would waken gentle mem'ry.

ZEPHYR'S FAREWELL TO THE ROSE.

BY ROBERT HOWE GOULD.

OH ! pity poor zephyr,
Who wanders so lonely ;—
Whose sighs, now and ever,
Are breathed for thee only.

He is driven o'er hill,
And he wanders through vale ;—
But his breath lingers still
On the wings of the gale.

He may wander o'er sea,
But his harp has no tone ;—
Its notes were for THEE,
Now their spirit has flown !

Should the wild gale of life
Curb its ruthless career,
And the tempest's loud strife
Die away from his ear,

He'll wing his flight lightly,
Mid the blue of the skies,
Where the light beams more brightly
Mid thy love-blushing dyes :—

Then wake his sweet numbers,
And pour his soft lays,
Where nought his harp cumber
Save its burthen of praise.

THERE IS A WEE AND PRETTY MAID.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

THERE is a wee and pretty maid,
As sweet and winsome as a fairy,
I wadna ask wi' wealth to wed,
If I could wed wi' thee, Mary.

I've wandered east—I've wandered west—
As wanton as the winds that vary;
But ne'er was I sae truly blest
As when I met wi' thee, Mary,

Like a wee purple violet,
That hangs its blushing head a-weary,
When wi' the dew its leaves are wet,
Sae modest sweet art thou, Mary.

Thy brow is white, as is the mist
That sleeps on Heaven's forehead starry—
Or mountain snow by sunrise kissed,—
Thy heart is whiter still, Mary.

Thine e'en are like an eagle's e'en
That sitteth proudly in his aerie—
They glitter with a starry sheen,—
Yet modest as thy heart, Mary.

Upon thy rosy cheek, the soul
Seems in the gushing tide to vary;
An' crimson currents in it roll,
As tho' it wad break thro', Mary.

If I could press thee in my arms,
As my wee wife and bonny fairy;
I wadna tak for thy sweet charms
The warld an' a' its wealth, Mary.

How sweetly wad the hours gae by,
That now sae solemn are and dreary
If thou upon my breast didst lie,
My ain, my lovely, dear Mary!

THE SONG OF THE HEART.

BY ROBERT BURTS.

COME, fill up the cup, fill it up to the brim,
'Tis the waters of Lethe we kiss ;
For never, oh ! never was grief known to swim
In a goblet so sparkling as this.
Then fill up the cup, fill it up, let us drown
All thoughts of our life that give pain,
And if fickle fortune should still choose to frown,
Why we'll fill up the goblet again.

Oh, why for the things that are gone do we weep,
And embitter the joys of to-day,
When one sip of the wine-cup, would certainly sweep
All past recollections away ?
The troubles, the cares that have once dimmed the brow,
Will never o'ershade it again ;
Then why blast the pleasures life yet may allow,
By reflections that need not remain ?

Oh wildly the pulse beats with raptures of bliss
When wine warms the blood in the vein,
And who has not felt that one moment like this,
Repay a whole lifetime of pain.
When the tears of the wine sparkle bright in the eye,
No sorrow it brings to the soul ;
But if we must weep, oh ! then tell me why
Not with pleasure we find in the bowl ?

OH TAKE HER, BUT BE FAITHFUL STILL.

BY CHARLES JEFFREYS.

OH take her, but be faithful still,
And may the bridal vow
Be sacred held in after years,
And warmly breathed as now.
Remember, 'tis no common tie
That binds her youthful heart ;
'Tis one that only truth should weave
And only falsehood part.

The joys of childhood's happy hour,
The home of riper years,
The treasured scenes of early youth,
In sunshine and in tears ;
The purest hopes her bosom knew,
When her young heart was free—
All these and more she now resigns,
To brave the world with thee.

Her lot in life is fixed with thine,
In good and ill to share—
And well I know 'twill be her pride
To soothe each sorrow there.
Then take her, and may fleeting time
Mark only joy's increase,
And may your days glide calmly on,
In happiness and peace.

POUR NOT THE VOICE OF GRIEF.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

POUR not the voice of grief
Above the sable bier !
The weary spirit finds relief
In some more hallowed sphere.
What reck's it that the lip
Hath lost its thrilling hue—
Untainted was their fellowship
As blushing rose and dew.
And now—too soon a creeping thing,
Will, like a leech, there feed and cling !

Yet weep not for the dead
Who early pass away,
Ere hope and joy and youth have fled,
Ere wo has wrought decay !
Better to die in youth
When life is green and bright,
Than when the heart has lost its truth
In age and sorrow's night—
Then woes and years around us throng
And death's chill grasp is on us long.

Life is a rifled flower
When love's pure visions fade—
A broken spell—a faded hour—
An echo—and a shade !

The poet's thirst for fame,
And siren beauty's kiss,
Ambition's height, and honour's name,
But yield a phantom bliss—
And man turns back from every goal
Thirsting for some high bliss of soul!

Would I had died when young!
How many burning tears,
And wasted hopes, and severed ties,
Had spared my after years!
And she on whose pale brow,
The damp and cold earth lies,
Whose pure heart in its virgin glow
Was mirrored in dark eyes!
Would I had faded soon with her,
My boyhood's earliest worshipper!

Pour not the voice of wo!
Shed not the burning tear
When spirits from the cold earth go,
Too bright to linger here!
Unsullied let them pass
Into oblivion's tomb—
Like snow-flakes melting in the sea
When rife with vestal bloom.
Then strew fresh flowers above the grave,
And let the tall grass o'er it wave!

THE GOOD NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM E. HURLBURT.

Good-night—Good-night—bright moments fly—
Till hours have passed away—
And even the wine that warms the heart
Will not forever stay :—
And scenes like this must have their end,
Though mirth be at its height :
So splendid dreams and slumbers sweet
To each and all—Good-night.

We've twined fresh joys about these hours,
And sprinkled them with wine—
And they shall bloom in days to come,
Sweet wreaths in friendship's shrine.
When many a year is all forgot,
Unwithered still and bright,
They'll live in every brother's heart
That joins in this Good-night.

And as we take the parting glass,
And the last bumper drain,
Let's not forget the much-loved friends
We hope to meet again.
We'll think in what soul-cheering tones
They'd crown each evening's flight ;
And wish once more for their return,
To join in our Good-night.

The sparkling fount has ceased to flow,
The basket yields no store ;
The wine-drop glittering in each eye,
Proclaims this birth-night o'er :—
The empty glass—the midnight bell—
The lamps declining light—
Give warning to each joyous soul,
To bid the rest—Good-night.

Good-night—Good-night—we've often met,
And oft we'll meet again—
While youth and friends and wine are ours,
We oft will meet again :—
If life soon tires in this dark world,
Why *here* we'll keep it bright ;
Until we share the farewell cup,
And sing the last Good-night.

THE WAVES THAT ON THE SPARKLING
SAND.

MRS. E. F. ELLET.

THE waves that on the sparkling sand
Their foaming crests upheave,
Lightly receding from the land,
Seem not a trace to leave.
Those billows in their ceaseless play,
Have worn the solid rocks away.

The summer winds, which wandering sigh
Amid the forest bower,
So gently as they murmur by,
Scarce lift the drooping flower.
Yet bear they, in autumnal gloom,
Spring's withered beauties to the tomb.

Thus worldly cares, though lightly borne,
Their impress leave behind ;
And spirits, which their bonds would spurn,
The blighting traces find.
'Till altered thoughts and hearts grown cold,
The change of passing years unfold.

WOMAN! I'VE HELD THY HAND IN MINE.

BY JOHN NEAL.

WOMAN! I've held thy hand in mine,
And looked into thine eyes—
And seen, I dare not tell thee what—
Nor anger, nor surprise :
No bleaching of thy crimson lip ;
No trembling of thy breath ;
No flushing of that lofty brow—
Immoveable as death.

And yet, when first I touched thy hand,
And looked into thine eyes,
I saw *thee* tremble, and *their* hue
Change like the changing skies :
I felt the heave—I saw the swell
Of maiden tumult, where,
I see but now, I feel but now
Untroubled thoughts in prayer.

Thy spirit hushed and motionless,
Thy very breathing strange—
Thy touch, no longer passionate,—
Oh woman! what a change!

I look, and lo ! a thousand wings
Are gathering round about—
And from thy coronet of fire,
The stars are dropping out !

Thou'rt married !—well—and so am I !
And yet I come to thee,
As if no other heart alive
Had any claim on me :
And thou—dear woman !—didst thou feel
Thyself *another's* now—
Think what a flush of shame would flit
Over thy lofty brow !

Thou tremblest !—ah !—a tear !—a tear !
And if I read thee right,
Though married, thou wouldst have me near
Thee, in the coming night !
Well ! be it so ! I know not why,
If there's another life—
A man of generous heart may not
Love tenderly—*his wife !*

THE MELLOW HORN.

BY GEORGE W. HYATT.

At dawn, Aurora gaily breaks,
In all her proud attire,
Majestic o'er the glassy lakes,
Reflecting liquid fire ;
All nature smiles, to usher in
The blushing queen of morn,
And huntsmen with the day begin
To wind the Mellow Horn.

At eve when gloomy shades obscure
The tranquil shepherd's cot,
When tinkling bells are heard no more,
And daily toil forgot ;
'Tis then the sweet enchanting note,
On zephyrs gently borne,
With witching cadence seems to float
Around the Mellow Horn.

At night when all is hushed and drear,
And starlight on the deep ;
When lambkins housed from every fear,
Are lulled in balmy sleep ;
'Tis then the plighted lover flies,
With flaxen locks unshorn,
Beneath the cottage window sighs,
And winds the Mellow Horn.

THE SNOW DROP.

BY MISS HELEN MATHEWS.

A SNOW-FLAKE fell from the summer sky,
As though it had burst its chain,
Where it lies enthralled in the realms on high
Until winter appears again.

It chanced to fall in a garden fair,
Where every flowret grew,
Watched by a guardian angel's care,
Who bathed them all in dew ;

It rested near a blooming rose,
That shed its fragrance round,
Folding its leaves in soft repose
To a fountain's silvery sound.

The angel smiled on it resting there,
And thus addressed the snow :—
"What dost thou here, fair child of air,
While the summer sunbeams glow?"

The snow-flake said, "Thy flowers have died,
"From the scorching sun on high ;
"And, when above, I have often sighed
"To see their colours fly.

“Then I vowed to visit the earth, and give
“New life to each rosy flower,
“Bidding each drooping blossom live
“To deck the angel’s bower.”

As the snow-flake spake ; the flowers, that lay
Ali withering on the ground,
Bloomed with the blush of a new-born day,
And brightness reigned around.

Then the angel said, “If thou’lt stay with me,
“Sweet pitying spirit of air,
“A beauteous form I’ll give to thee,
“Than all these flowers more fair.”

Waving her hand, there rose to view,
In the place where the snow-flake came,
A pure white flower, fresh crowned with dew ;
And the SNOW-DROP is its name.

THE CAPTIVE CHIEF.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

PALE was the hue of his faded cheek,
As it leaned on its cold damp pillow ;
And deep the heave of its troubled breast,
As the lift of the ocean billow :

For he thought of the days when his restless foot
Through the pathless forest bounded,
And the festive throng by the hunting-fire,
Where the chase-song joyously sounded.

He had stood in the deadly ambushade,
While his warriors were falling around him ;
He had stood unmoved at the torturing stake,
Where the foe in his wrath had bound him ;
He had mocked at pain in every form—
Had joyed in the post of danger ;
But his spirit was crushed by the dungeon's gloom,
And the chain of the ruthless stranger.

A ROUND.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

MARRIAGE is like a flaming candle-light
Placed in the window on a winter's night,
Inviting all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty ringlets there—
Those that are out, butt heads against the pane,
Those that are in, butt to get out again.

SLEEP ON.

BY JOHN O. SARGENT.

SLEEP on—sleep happily on,
Untroubled by the cares of day,
While thy free spirit wings its way
Then to me !

Dream on—but dream of me !
As all my dreams of dear delight,
'Through the sweet slumbers of the night,
Are of thee !

HER LOVER DIED.

BY. J. G. WHITTIER.

HER lover died. Away from her,
The ocean-girls his requiem sang,
And smoothed his dreamless sepulchre
Where the tall coral branches sprang.

And it was told her how he strove
With death ; but not from selfish fear :
'Twas the memory of her love
Which made existence doubly dear.

They told her how his fevered sleep
Revealed the phantom of his brain—
He thought his love had come to keep
Her vigils at his couch of pain ;
And he would speak in his soft tone,
And stretch his arms to clasp the air,
And then awaken with a moan,
And weep that there was nothing there.

And when he bowed himself at last
Beneath the spoiler's cold eclipse,
Even as the weary spirit passed,
Her name was on his marble lips.
She heard the tale ; she did not weep ;
It was too strangely sad for tears ;
And so she kept it for the deep
Rememberings of after years.

She poured one lone and plaintive wail
For the loved dead—it was her last—
Like harp-tones dying, on the gale
Her minstrelsy of spirit passed :
And she became an altered one,
Forgetful of her olden shrine,
As if her darkened soul had done
With all beneath the fair sunshine.

SLEEP, CHILD OF MY LOVE.

BY J. W. EASTBURNE.

SLEEP, child of my love ! be thy slumber as light
As the red birds that nestle secure on the spray ;
Be the visions that visit thee fairy and bright
As the dew-drops that sparkle around with the ray.

O, soft flows the breath from thine innocent breast ;
In the wild wood, Sleep cradles in roses thy head ;
Out her who protects thee, a wanderer unblessed,
He forsakes, or surrounds with his phantoms of dread.

I fear for thy father ! why stays he so long
On the shores where the wife of the giant was thrown,
And the sailor oft lingered to hearken her song,
So sad o'er the wave, e'er she hardened to stone.

He skims the blue tide in his birchen canoe,
Where the foe in the moonbeams his path may descry,
The ball to its scope may speed rapid and true,
And lost in the wave be thy father's death cry !

The Power that is round us—whose presence is near,
In the gloom and the solitude felt by the soul—
Protect that lone bark in its lonely career,
And shield *thee*, when roughly life's billows shall roll !

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

BY MRS. HALE.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam ;
And thou must go ; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray ;
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire :
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam ;
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home ;—

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright ;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name ;
But the heart ne'er felt its ray ;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come !
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

REMEMBER ME.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train
Of those around thy homage pay ;
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that's far away ?
Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,
For many years I may not see ;
But wilt thou not sometimes the while,
My sister dear, remember me ?

But not in Fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all,—
O, think not, think not of me there

But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
And hushed the voice of senseless glee,
And all is silent, still, and lone,
And thou art sad, remember me.

Remember me—but, loveliest, ne'er,
When, in his orbit fair and high,
The morning's glowing charioteer
Rides proudly up the blushing sky ;
But when the waning moonbeam sleeps
At moonlight on that lonely lea,
And nature's pensive spirit weeps
In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
When every brake hath found its note,
And sunshine smiles in every flower ;
But when the falling leaf is sere,
And withers sadly from the tree,
And o'er the ruins of the year
Cold autumn weeps, remember me.

Remember me—but choose not, dear,
The hour when, on the gentle lake,
The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,
Soft rippling, to the margin break ;
But when the deafening billows foam
In madness o'er the pathless sea,
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam
Across them, and remember me.

Remember me—but not to join
If haply some thy friends should praise ;
'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine,
To echo what the stranger says.
They know us not—but shouldst thou meet
Some faithful friend of me and thee,
Softly, sometimes, to him repeat
My name, and then remember me.

Remember me—not, I entreat,
In scenes of festal week-day joy,
For then it were not kind or meet,
Thy thought thy pleasure should alloy ;
But on the sacred, solemn day,
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lovest dost pray,
Sweet spirit, then remember me.

Remember me—but not as I
On thee forever, ever dwell,
With anxious heart and drooping eye,
And doubts 'twould grieve thee should I tell ;
But in thy calm, unclouded heart,
Where dark and gloomy visions flee,
Oh there, my sister, be my part,
And kindly there remember me.

THE SPIRIT'S SONG OF CONSOLATION.

BY F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

DEAR parents, grieve no more for me ;
My parents, grieve no more ;
Believe that I am happier far
Than even with you before.
I've left a world where wo and sin
Swell onward as a river,
And gained a world where I shall rest
In peace and joy forever.

Our Father bade me come to him,
He gently bade me come,
And he has made his heavenly house
My dwelling-place and home.
On that best day of all the seven,
Which saw the Saviour rise,
I heard the voice you could not hear,
Which called me to the skies.

I saw, too, what you could not see,
Two beauteous angels stand ;
They smiling stood, and looked at me,
And beckoned with their hand ;
They said they were my sisters dear,
And they were sent to bear
My spirit to their blessed abode,
To live forever there.

Then think not of the mournful time
When I resigned my breath,
Nor of the place where I was laid,
The gloomy house of death ;
But think of that high world, where I
No more shall suffer pain,
And of the time when all of us
In heaven shall meet again.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JUN.

WHEN first the flame of day
Crimsons the sea-like mist,
And from the valley rolls away
The haze, by the sunbeam kissed,
Then to the lonely woods I pass,
With angling rod and line,
While yet the dew-drops, in the grass,
Like flashing diamonds shine.

How vast the mossy forest-halls,
Silent, and full of gloom !
Through the high roof the daybeam falls
Like torch-light in a tomb.

The old trunks of trees rise round
Like pillars in a church of old,
And the wind fills them with a sound
As if a bell were tolled.

Where falls the noisy stream,
In many a bubble bright,
Along whose grassy margin gleam
Flowers gaudy to the sight,
There silently I stand,
Watching my angle play,
And eagerly draw to the land
My speckled prey.

Oft, ere the carrion bird has left
His eyrie, the dead tree,
Or ere the eagle's wing hath cleft
The cloud in heaven's blue sea,
Or ere the lark's swift pinion speeds
To meet the misty day,
My foot hath shaken the bending reeds,
My rod sought out its prey.

And when the Twilight, with a blush
Upon her cheek, goes by,
And evening's universal hush
Fills all the darkened sky,
And steadily the tapers burn
In villages far away,
Then from the lonely stream I turn,
And from the forests gray.

OH, JUDAH !

BY PROSPER M. WETMORE.

Jerusalem mourneth.—*Jeremiah.*

OH, Judah ! thy dwellings are sad,
Thy children are weeping around,
In sackcloth their bosoms are clad
As they look on the famishing ground ;
In the deserts they make them a home,
And the mountains awake to their cry ;
For the frown of Jehovah hath come,
And his anger is red in the sky.

Thy tender ones throng at the brink,
But the waters are gone from the well ;
They gaze on the rock, and they think
Of the gush of the stream from its cell ;
How they came to its margin before,
And drank in their innocent mirth :
Away ! it is sealed, and no more
Shall the fountain give freshness to earth.

The hearts of the mighty are bowed,
And the lowly are haggard with care ;
The voices of mothers are loud,
As they shriek the wild note of despair.

Oh, Jerusalem ! mourn through thy halls,
And bend to the dust in thy shame,
For the doom that thy spirit appals,
Is famine, the sword, and the flame !

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

EARTH is the spirit's rayless cell ;
But then, as a bird soars home to the shade
Of the beautiful wood, where its nest was made,
In bonds no more to dwell ;—

So will its weary wing
Be spread for the skies, when its toil is done,
And its breath flow free, as a bird's in the sun,
And the soft, fresh gales of spring.

O, not more sweet the tears
Of the dewy eve on the violet shed,
Than the dews of age on the "hoary head,"
When it enters the eve of years.

Nor dearer, mid the foam
Of the far-off sea, and its stormy roar,
Is a breath of balm from the unseen shore,
To him that weeps for home.

Wings, like a dove, to fly!—
The spirit is faint with its feverish strife;—
O, for its home in the upper Life!
When, when will Death draw nigh!

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ALL hail! thou noble land,
Our father's native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore:
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins,
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun ;
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
“ We are One ! ”

THINE IS THE SPRING OF LIFE.

BY HENRY PICKERING.

THINE is the spring of life, dear boy,
And thine should be its flowers ;
Thine, too, should be the voice of joy,
To hasten on the hours :
And thou, with cheek of rosiest hue,
With winged feet, shouldst still
Thy sometime frolic course pursue
O'er lawn and breezy hill.

Not so ! What means this foolish heart,
And verse as idly vain ?
Each hath his own allotted part
Of pleasure and of pain :
And while thou canst the hours beguile,
(Thus patiently reclined,)
I would not quench that languid smile,
Or see thee less resigned.

Some are condemned to roam the earth,
A various fate to share,
Scarce destined, from their very birth,
To know a parent's care.
To thee, sweet one, repose was given,
Yet not without alloy ;
That thou might'st early think of heaven,
The promised seat of joy ;—

That thou might'st know what love supreme
Pervades a mother's breast—
Flame quenchless as the heavenly beam,
The purest and the best.—
William, that love which shadows thee,
Is eminently mine :
Oh that my riper life could be
Deserving it as thine !

THE HUMA BIRD.

BY LOUISA P. SMITH.

FLY on, nor touch thy wing, bright bird,
Too near our shaded earth,
Or the warbling, now so sweetly heard,
May lose its note of mirth.
Fly on, nor seek a place of rest
In the home of "care-worn things :"
'Twould dim the light of thy shining crest,
And thy brightly burnished wings,
To dip them where the waters glide
That flow from a troubled earthly tide.

The fields of upper air are thine,
Thy place where stars shine free ;
I would *thy* home, bright one, were mine,
Above life's stormy sea.

I would never wander, bird, like thee,
So near this place again ;
With wing and spirit once light and free,
They should wear no more the chain
With which they are bound and fettered here,
Forever struggling for skies more clear.

There are many things like thee, bright bird ;
Hopes as thy plumage gay ;
Our air is with them forever stirred,
But still in air they stay.
And Happiness, like thee, fair one,
Is ever hovering o'er,
But *rests* in a land of brighter sun,
On a waveless, peaceful shore,
And stoops to lave her weary wings,
Where the fount of "living waters" springs.

FROM YAMOYDEN.

BY R. C. SANDS.

THEY say, that, afar in the land of the west,
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,
Mid fens where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,
A fair lake, unruffled and sparkling, is spread ;
Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,
In distance seen dimly, the green isle of lovers.

There verdure fades never ; immortal in bloom,
Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume ;
And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depressed,
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east ;
There the bright eye of nature in mild glory hovers :
'Tis the land of the sunbeam, the green isle of lovers.

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss
The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss ;
Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs
Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires
The dance and the revel, mid forests that cover,
On high, with their shade, the green isle of the lover.

But fierce as the snake, with his eyeballs of fire,
When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,
Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their isle,
Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile ;
From beauty, there, valour and strength are not rovers,
And peace reigns supreme in the green isle of lovers.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,
In mazes perplexed, has beheld it no more ;
It fleets on the vision, deluding the view ;
Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue :
Oh, who, in this vain world of wo, shall discover
The home undisturbed, the green isle of the lover !

THE MOHAWK AND THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

IN yonder sylvan dale, the hills and woods among,
Bright as the sweetest vale the poets e'er have sung,—
Where Mohawk's silver tide adorns the fairy scene,
Rejoicing in his pride, mid groves forever green :—
There, dark as clouds of night, the lurking savage came,
With hatchet burnished bright, and torch of lurid flame,
To wake with horrid yell the hamlet's sweet repose,
By deeds no tongue can tell—the deeds of savage foes.

The warwhoop, shrill and wild, through darkest gloom
was heard ;—

The mother clasped her child, the father grasped his
sword :—

But e'er the morning's dawn the cruel work was o'er ;
The dusky foe was gone, the vale was steeped in gore.
The dying and the dead were strewed along the plain,
And fewer those who fled than those among the slain :—
And loud the plaintive cry broke on the saddened ear ;
And deep the heaving sigh, and scalding was the tear.

With throbbing bosoms there, amid the field of blood,
In anguish and in prayer, full many a mourner stood ;—
With swimming eyes, distressed—transfixed as by a
spell,
The maiden smote her breast, with grief she could not
tell.

A mother there was one—a widow—and she wept
Her darling infant son that in the cradle slept :—
The babe, the eve before, had sweetly sunk to rest,
Alas ! to smile no more upon a mother's breast.

But see ! what form is there, thus bounding from the
wood,
Like panther from his lair, back on the trail of blood ?
A chieftain by his mien, of noble form is he,—
A prouder ne'er was seen in chase across the lea.
Swift as the arrow's flight, he speeds his course along,
With eye of burning light, to reach the weeping
throng ;—
And o'er his eagle-crest, a banner white he waves,
As though to make request, of good intent he craves.

Wrapped in his blanket warm, loose o'er his shoulder
flung—
Yet guarded safe from harm, a lovely infant hung.
On, on with breathless stride the warrior held his
way ;
Quick by the mother's side, her own lost infant lay !
The babe looked up, and smiled,—and sweet the thrill
of joy,
As now with transports wild she clasped her darling
boy—
While rapid as the light, the warrior leaped the flood,
Sprang swiftly from the sight, and vanished in the wood.

THE WATER.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

How beautiful the water is !
Didst ever think of it,
When down it tumbles from the skies
As in a merry fit ?
It jostles, ringing as it falls.
On all that's in its way—
I hear it dancing on the roof,
Like some wild thing at play.

'Tis rushing now adown the spout
And gushing out below ;
A happy thing the water is,
While sporting thus, I know.
The earth is dry, and parched with heat,
And it hath longed to be
Released from out the selfish cloud,
To cool the thirsty tree.

It washes, rather rudely too,
The flowret's simple grace,
As if to chide the pretty thing
For dust upon its face.
It scours the tree, till every leaf
Is freed from dust or stain,
Then waits till leaf and branch are stilled,
And showers them o'er again.

Drop after drop, is tinkling down
To kiss the stirring brook,
The water dimples from beneath
With its own joyous look—
And then the kindred drops embrace,
And singing, on they go,
To dance beneath the willow tree,
And glad the vale below.

How beautiful the water is !
It loves to come at night,
To make you wonder in the morn
To see the earth so bright :
To find a youthful gloss is spread
On every shrub and tree,
And flowrets breathing on the air
Their odours pure and free.

A dainty thing the water is,
It loves the flowret's cup,
To nestle mid the odour there,
And fill its petals up—
It hangs its gems on every leaf,
Like diamonds in the sun ;
And then the water wins the smile
The flowret should have won.

How beautiful the water is !
To me 'tis wondrous fair—
No spot can ever lonely be,
If water sparkles there—

It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,
Of grandeur, or delight ;
And every heart is gladder made,
When water greets the sight.

INDIAN CHANT.

BY H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

FIRST VOICE.

THE eagles scream on high,
They whet their forked beaks :
Raise—raise the battle cry,
'Tis fame our leader seeks.

SECOND VOICE.

'Tis fame my soul desires,
By deeds of martial strife :
Give—give me warlike fires,
Or take—ah take my life.

THIRD VOICE.

The deer a while may go
Unhunted o'er the heath,
For now I seek a nobler foe,
And prize a nobler death.

FOURTH VOICE.

Lance and quiver, club and bow,
Now alone attract my sight ;
I will go where warriors go,
I will fight where warriors fight.

FIFTH VOICE.

Now my heart with valour burns,
I my lance in fury shake ;
He who falters, he who turns,
Give him fagot, fire, and stake.

SIXTH VOICE.

See my visage scarred and red—
See my brows with trophies bright—
Such the brows that warriors dread,
Such the trophies of the fight.

THE SPORTIVE SYLPHS.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

THE sportive sylphs that course the air,
Unseen on wings that twilight weaves,
Around the opening rose repair,
And breathe sweet incense o'er its leaves.

With sparkling cups of bubbles made,
They catch the ruddy beams of day,
And steal the rainbow's sweetest shade,
Their blushing favourite to array.

They gather gems with sunbeams bright,
From floating clouds and falling showers,
They rob Aurora's locks of light
To grace their own fair queen of flowers.

Thus, thus adorned, the speaking rose
Becomes a token fit to tell,
Of things that words can ne'er disclose,
And nought but this reveal so well.

Then take my flower, and let its leaves
Beside thy heart be cherished near,
While that confiding heart receives
The thought it whispers to thine ear.

WHEN FIRST I GAZED, OH! LADY FAIR.

BY AMELIA B. WELBY.

WHEN first I gazed, oh! lady fair,
Upon thy radiant eye,
I thought thou wert a thing of light,
Just wandered from the sky;
And as I looked upon thy brow,
Pure as the skies when bright above,
And on thy warm and floating form,
I dared to dream of love.

I would not breathe, oh! lady fair,
A single thought to thee,
To shadow o'er within thy heart
Its sunny fount of glee:
For though I feel thy gentle thoughts
To one like me may never rove,
Thy floating form, like sunlight warm,
Still melts my heart to love.

Around thy heart, oh! lady fair,
May lovely dreams be flung;
And sweeter thoughts around it cling,
Than ever poet sung.
I need not wish a brighter spell
Of loveliness about thee move,
For round thy form there lurks a charm
That melts all hearts to love.

DO I LOVE THEE ?

BY MRS. V. E. HOWARD.

IF to feel the deep devotion
Of a pilgrim at a shrine,
If to weep with fond emotion,
Be to love thee, I am thine.
If to treasure every token,
Every look, and every sign,
Every light word thou hast spoken,
Be to love thee, I am thine.

Once the future spread before me
Many a mingled hope and fear,
Now but one e'er glances o'er me :
'Tis, "*Will he still hold me dear ?*"
Once I too dreamed of ambition,
Of *Corinné's* wreath of bay ;
Now such thought seems worthless vision,
If but *thy* praise crowns my lay.

SHOULD SORROW O'ER THY BROW.

BY J. H. BRIGHT.

SHOULD sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darkened shadows fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now,
Die in their early spring ;
Should pleasure at its birth
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth,
There's rest for thee in Heaven !

If ever life shall seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day ;
If like the wearied dove
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eye above,
There's rest for thee in Heaven !

But oh ! if thoughtless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gaily fleet the hours
Unstained by earthly gloom ;
Still let not every thought
To this poor world be given,
Not always be forgot
Thy better rest in Heaven !

When sickness pales thy cheek,
And dims thy lustrous eye,
And pulses low and weak
Tell of a time to die—
Sweet hope shall whisper then,
“Though thou from earth be riven,
There’s bliss beyond thy ken,
There’s rest for thee in Heaven !”

I WOULD BE WITH THEE.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

I would be with thee when the pale moon stealeth
Like a sad spirit through the evening sky,
When its dim, melancholy light revealeth,
In shadowy beauty, early days gone by,
I would be with thee then.

I would be with thee, when at eve thou’rt straying
To the old haunts we loved in by-past time,
When through some streamlet in the deep woods play-
ing,
Long buried voices murmur in its chime,
I would be with thee then.

I would be with thee when those forms shall meet thee,
That long ago have faded from the light,
When their loved tones, like far-off music greet thee,
Bringing young sunshine on thy mental night,
I would be with thee then.

I would be with thee when those dreams have faded,
When to the buried past their lights shall flee,
When fate's dark cloud their rainbow hues hath shaded,
And thou art wakened to reality,
I would be with thee then.

I would be with thee when the smile of gladness
Gleams with its meteor ray across thy brow,
And when the silent tear, and sigh of sadness,
Teaches thy once glad heart in grief to bow,
I would be with thee then.

I would be with thee, though the cold world wither
Each bud of promise in its early bloom,
When the young hearts that clung in joy together,
Cling but the closer in the icy tomb,
I would be with thee then.

I REMEMBER.

BY WILLIAM HAYDEN.

I REMEMBER—I remember—
The days when I was young—
And those who tried to teach me then
To speak my mother tongue—
The ancient, smokey, rafted room,
Where gathered girls and boys—
I think our parents sent us there
To rid them of our noise.

I remember the old Mistress,
Who taught me A, B, C,
And, when I couldn't say it right,
Who took me o'er her knee—
The boys who were my mates at school :
And all our little plays ;—
And what a length of time it seemed,
Between the holidays.

I remember Sawney Bigelow,
Who tried to make me speak
A little broken Latin—and
A smattering of Greek ;—
It would have puzzled any one,
In learned lore more rich,
When we recited either tongue,
To tell you which was which.

I remember Master Snelling—
I never can forget,
He made me write and cipher too ;—
That man is living yet :—
I remember the old cowskin well,
Which filled us all with fear—
I never liked the thing—and hope
He has not brought it here.

I remember how impatient
We boys were of the rules—
We longed to grow to man's estate,
And shake off all the schools—
I since have found those visions vain ;—
And, oh ! 'tis little joy,
To find I know less Latin now,
Than when I was a boy.

THE OCEAN DEAD.

BY M. BECK.

How calmly they sleep on the ocean floor,
By the sparkling gem and the gilded ore,
The shining sand and the glittering stone,
With the wealth of the ocean deep gone down.

Youth and beauty, and age and care,
Have lain them down in chambers there ;
And the opening bud and spreading flower
Bloom side by side in the coral bower.

And what to them is the angry roar
As the surges lash the pebbly shore—
Or the sea-bird's shriek o'er the troubled deep,
Where they sleep on in their dreamless sleep !
Sleep on, sleep on, in your lowly graves,
Beneath the swell of the curling waves,
And the tempest and wind shall the requiem be
Of the sleepers who rest in the deep, deep sea.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

BY G. HILL.

THE stars, through falling dews, that steep
The shades of twilight, faintly shine ;
And, if they weep not, seem to weep,
In silence, o'er the day's decline ;
O'er hues, that, though they fast decay,
And set in darkness, soon return ;
But who for me, when gone far away
Will mourn, nay, who will seem to mourn ?

Perchance, upon a desert shore,
The sands shall heap my stoneless grave ;
Perchance, upon a desert shore,
The thunder of the ocean wave ;
The wind, whose voice its breakers mock,
Bear my last sigh unheard away—
The shadow of the mountain rock
Forbid a flower to deck my clay.

And yet, since none will smile the less
When I am gone—the ocean foam,
The column of the wilderness,
The sea-rock, were my fitting tomb,
My life yon orb, on which I gaze,
My image well—lone, dim, and far :
And death to me will be but as
The setting of that nameless star !

SHE SLEEPS.

BY MARY EMILY JACKSON.

SHE sleeps ! no light is on her brow,
No griefs torment her heart's deep aching ;
No vision haunts her slumbers now—
She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.

She sleeps ! and worms must revel deep
Upon that brow, made pale by sorrow.
She sleeps ! and dreamless is that sleep
Which knows no coming of the morrow.

She sleeps ! no smile illumes her eye,
Now closed forever from its weeping,
Her cheeks have lost their wonted dye—
She wakes no more from death's cold sleeping.
She sleeps ! and earth must close around
Her narrow bed, till earth be riven,
And the last trump of God shall sound,
To call her slumbering dust to Heaven.

THE SNOW STORM.

BY SEBA SMITH.

THE cold wind swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child.
As through the drifted snows she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone
“O God!” she cried, in accents wild,
“If I must perish, save my child.”

She stript her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm;
As round the child she wrapped the vest,
She smiled to think that it was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn, a traveller passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale—
He moved the robe from off the child;
The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled.

THE BLISS OF HOME.

BY T. H. SHREEVE.

MINE be the joy which gleams around
The hearth where pure affections dwell—
Where love enrobed in smiles is found,
And wraps the spirit with its spell.
I would not seek excitement's whirl,
Where Pleasure wears her tinsel crown,
And Passion's billows upward curl,
'Neath Hatred's darkly gathering frown.

The dearest boon from Heaven above,
Is bliss which brightly hallows home;
'Tis sunlight to the world of love,
And life's pure wine without its foam.
There is a sympathy of heart
Which consecrates the social shrine—
Robs grief of gloom, and doth impart
A joy to gladness all divine.

It glances from the kindling eye
Which o'er Affliction sleepless tends;
It gives deep pathos to the sigh
Which anguish from the bosom rends;
It plays around the smiling lip,
When love bestows the greeting kiss,
And sparkles in each cup we sip
Round the domestic board of bliss!

Let others seek in wealth or fame,
A splendid path whereon to tread—
I'd rather wear a lowlier name,
With love's enchantments round it shed.
Fame's but a light to gild the grave,
And wealth can never calm the breast;
But LOVE, a halcyon on Life's wave,
Hath power to soothe its strifes to rest.

OH, SAY NOT WE SOON CAN FORGET.

BY T. H. CUSHMAN.

Oh, say not we soon can forget
The hearts that were fondly our own,
Oh, say not the tear of regret
Is woman's, dear woman's alone!
We part, with a smile in our eyes,
Our farewells may lightly be sighed,
Yet dreary the tones of the skies,
While forms, though not feelings, divide.

We look then on days that are past,
As spectres, deceiving our gaze;
We feel like a mariner cast
Where echo in mockery plays.

Oh, yes ! man, while stemming the storm
Though seeming forgetful of love,
Still worships the heart and the form
That came to his breast like a dove

TO IANTHE IN HEAVEN.

BY E. A. POE.

THOU wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine
All wreathed around about with flowers—
And the flowers, they all were mine.

But the dream, it could not last ;
And the star of Hope did rise
But to be overcast.
A voice from out the Future cries,
“ Onward ! ”—while o’er the Past,
(Dim gulf !) my spirit hovering lies,
Mute, motionless, aghast !

For, alas ! alas ! with me,
Ambition, all, is o’er ;
“ No more, no more, no more ”—

(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)—
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar.

And all my hours are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams,
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

THE BREEZES FAN MY BROW.

BY JAMES F. OTIS.

THE breezes fan my brow,
And softly round me play ;
They're pathless and unchained—
Would I were free as they !
The waters at my feet
Go murmuring along—
Oh, would my life could glide
In such untroubled song !

And o'er my aching head
The fleecy cloudlets float ;
And, as they flit along,
My vanished joys denote ;
Light, as the breast that felt them—
False, as the love *she* gave—
Changing, as heart of woman—
And fleeting as the wave !

Far on yon mountain-top
There is a wreath of snow ;
And on its breast the sun
Pours forth his crimson glow ;
But all in vain his rays
With torrid lustre dart—
So fall the pleasures of this world
Upon my frozen heart !

A WEARY TIME IS OURS, MY LOVE.

BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

A WEARY time is ours, my love,
A weary time is ours ;
For lost to us are pleasure's smiles,
And withered are its flowers :

The ray that cheered our youthful hearts
Hath vanished from our sight,
And hope's refulgent, beaming day
Hath faded into night.

How joyous, in our early youth,
Did all these scenes appear !
And what hath called to manhood's eye
The bright, yet mournful tear ?
Ah, what hath called ? go ask the heart,
Which, torn by grief and shame,
Will answer, joy is but a spell
That passeth as it came.

Well, let it pass : a few more suns
Will change again the scene,
And *we* shall pass from earth's vile dross,
To purer " ray serene :"
Awhile, our feeble, weary steps
O'er life's dull path may roam,
But " every night we pitch our tents
A day's march nearer *home*."

HE WHO DECAYS IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

BY THOMAS I. CHARLTON.

HE who decays in youthful prime,
Dies like the rose of May ;
Ere touched by fell, destroying time,
It withering fades away.
Not like the rose of autumn, chill,
Deserted, lone, and pale,
Which, clinging to existence still,
Droops in the cheerless vale.

Thus may it be my lot to part
From life, ere cares and guile
Have changed the impulse of my heart,
And made me wear the smile,
Feigning a joy that is not felt,
And telling vows, forsooth,
That in the breast have never dwelt,
Beyond our happy youth.

THEY TELL ME THOU'LT FORGET.

BY ISAAC FITZGERALD SHEPHARD.

THEY tell me thou'lt forget,
When passion's charm is stayed,
The pledge—the vow—the promises,
We to each other made :
They think that woman's heart
Is fleeting as the air ;
But ah ! they cannot, cannot tell
The love that slumbers there !

They tell me thou'lt forget,
When I am from thee gone—
That all thy faith will transient be,
As dew-drops in the morn.
They know thy heart will fail,
Till I no longer share
The hopes, the joyous sympathies,
The love that slumbers there !

They tell me thou'lt forget,
When pleasure's sound is heard ;—
Or music's swell is bursting forth,
Like song of Eden's bird :—
'Tis wondrous they should think
A steadfast heart so rare !
But none, save me, have ever known
The love that slumbers there.

O no, thou'lt not forget,
 Though flatterers come and go ;—
And even I should faithless prove,
 And fill thy life with wo !
Though daily griefs oppress,
 Though hard thy lot to bear,
Each dream, within thy breast, shall wake
 The love that slumbers there.

THE STARS WERE SHINING BRIGHT, LOVE.

BY WILLIAM KEENAN.

THE stars were shining bright, love,
 The breeze was breathing low ;
“ 'Twas the witching time of night,” love,
 And all was still below.
My lips were pressed to thine, love,
 And gazing in thine eyes,
I read that thou wert mine, love,
 By thy softly breathed sighs.

The stars as bright, may burn, love,
 The breeze as soft may blow ;
But can *that hour* return, love ?
 Ah ! Memory whispers, No.

The dream was all too sweet, love ;
Too holy, long to last ;
Yet still it checks Time's feet, love,
With memories of the past.

And though we may not feel, love,
As we have felt of yore,
'Twere wrong the heart to steel, love,
And dream of love no more.
I've gazed in many an eye, love,
That sparkled bright as thine,
And thou, full many a sigh, love,
Hast heard as soft as mine.

THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice ?
Why with that boding cry
O'er the waves dost thou fly ?
O, rather, bird with me,
Through the fair land rejoice !

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea ;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us. Thy wail—
What does it bring to me ?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad ; as if in strange accord
With motion, and with roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands thou, both sepulchre and pall,
Old Ocean, art ! A requiem o'er the dead.
From out thy gloomy cells,
A tale of mourning tells—
Tells of man's wo and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more.
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light,
Where birds of summer sing.

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

BY WILLIAM O. B. PEABODY.

BEHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears ;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.
But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY MISS LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

O THOU whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lip each note of love ;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove ;
To thee my lay is due, the simple song,
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day ;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

O say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbbed like thine for me ?
Who would have smiled responsive ? who in grief,
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieve like thee ?
Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,
Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear ?
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,
And clasped me to her heart, with love's bright tear ?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow ?
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,
In all the agony of love and wo ?
None but a mother—none but one like thee,
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch,
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom ;
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
That wo hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.
O then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

BY G. W. DOANE.

WHAT is that, mother?—

The lark, my child.—

The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?—

The dove, my son.—

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,

As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?—

The eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm in his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?—

The swan, my love.—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

THE EAGLE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

SAIL on, thou lone imperial bird,
Of quenchless eye and tireless wing ;
How is thy distant coming heard
As the night's breezes round thee ring ;
Thy course was 'gainst the burning sur
In his extremest glory ! How !
Is thy unequalled daring done,
Thou stoop'st to earth so lowly now ?

Or hast thou left thy rocking dome,
Thy roaring crag, thy lightning pine,
To find some secret, meaner home,
Less stormy and unsafe than thine ?
Else why thy dusky pinions bend
So closely to this shadowy world,
And round thy scorching glances send,
As wishing thy broad pens were furled ?

Yet lonely is thy shattered nest,
Thy eyrie desolate, though high ;
And lonely thou, alike, at rest,
Or soaring in thy upper sky.
The golden light that bathes thy plumes,
On thine interminable flight,
Falls cheerless on earth's desert tombs,
And makes the north's ice-mountains bright.

So come the eagle-hearted down,
So come the proud and high to earth,
When life's night-gathering tempests frown
Over their glory and their mirth ;
So quails the mind's undying eye,
That bore unveiled fame's noontide sun ;
So man seeks solitude, to die,
His high place left, his triumphs done.

So round the residence of power,
A cold and joyless lustre shines,
And on life's pinnacles will lower
Clouds dark as bathe the eagle's pines ;
But O, the mellow light that pours
From God's pure throne—the light that saves !
It warms the spirit as it soars,
And sheds deep radiance round our graves.

THE WANDERER OF AFRICA.

BY ALONZO LEWIS.

HE launched his boat where the dark waves flow,
Through the desert that never was white with snow,
When the wind was still, and the sun shone bright,
And the stream glowed red with the morning light.
He had sat in the cool of the palm's broad shade,
And drank of the fountain of Kafnah's glade,

When the herb was scorched by the sun's hot ray,
And the camel failed on his thirsty way.

And the dark maids of Sego their mats had spread,
And sung all night by the stranger's bed ;
And his sleep was sweet on that desert sand,
For his visions were far in his own loved land.
He was weary and faint in a stranger clime,
But his soul was at home as in youth's sweet time,
And he lay in the shade, by his cot's clear pool,
And the breeze which came by was refreshing and cool.

And the look of his mother was gentle and sweet,
And he heard the loved steps of his sister's light feet,
And their voices were soft and expressive and low,
Like the distant rain, or the brook's calm flow.
And this was the song which the dark maids sung,
In the beautiful strains of their own wild tongue ;
"The stranger came far, and sat under our tree,
We will bring him sweet food, for no sister has he."

And the stranger went forth when the night-breeze had
died,
And launched his light bark on the Joliba's tide ;
And he waved his white kerchief to those dark maids,
As he silently entered the palmy shades.
And the maidens of Sego were sad and lone,
And sung their rude song, like the death spirit's moan :
"The stranger has gone where the simoom will burn,
Alas ! for the white man will never return !"

TO ONE ABSENT.

BY CLARENCE HERBERT.

IN the past Eternity,
Day has sunk, and time is sweeping
Through the midnight, silently ;
Earth beneath the moon lies sleeping,
Like a bride, in silvery veil ;
O'er the hills the warm Night blushes,
Thoughts, like stars, grow few and pale,
From the heart deep passion gushes.

Far away thou view'st the stars,
Where blue girdling mountains bound thee,
Where the distant cataract jars,
And old forests sigh around thee ;
While with me the moon's soft rays
On the rippling brine are gleaming ;
On each sinking star I gaze,
O'er the western hill-tops beaming.

When from me their glimmerings fade,
They but seem to hasten near thee ;
Oft my heart implores their aid,
Many a murmured vow to bear thee ;
Still as rolls the sparkling sphere,
Blessings fast to thee are flying,
Every star a messenger
Of a love unchanged, undying !

THE FISHER GIRL.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

I WATCH the surges dashing
Along the rocky shore,
And I hear them gaily plashing
With a kind of frolic roar
The winds are piping gladly
A wild and changing glee,
But to me they whistle sadly,
For my father's out at sea.

I've been where ocean foaming
Threw its spray upon my hair,
With my little basket roaming
To gather sea-weeds there.—
The glorious day awaking
Gilded rock, and wave, and tree,
But I cannot love its breaking,
Till my father comes from sea.

ELIZABETH.

BY SOLYMAN BROWN.

'Twas when thy years were tender, love ! and beauty's
 budding rose
Was on thy cheek like summer's tint on Alps' eternal
 snows,
And when thy maiden thoughts were pure as dew-drops
 on the lawn,
Or virgin breeze that fanned the flowers on Eden's na-
 tal dawn ;
'Twas then our hopes, our fears, our joys, our sorrows
 were begun,
And then our hearts, like kindred drops, were mingled
 into one.

And years have flown since first we met, and many a
 smile and tear
Has marked the hours, the days, the months, of each
 revolving year ;
The joys of hope, the pangs of fear, have proved their
 varying powers,
And fancy used our waking thoughts to gild our dream-
 ing hours ;
Thus time may roll his chariot on, till all his race be
 run,
And find our hearts, like kindred drops, still mingling
 into one.

Deluded man may search for bliss in power, or fame, or
wealth,
I seek the joys of wedded love, of competence and
health;
To these let heaven in mercy add, from love's exhaust-
less store,
A heart that glows with charity, and I would crave no
more.
For then, like thine, in paths of truth my hastening
steps shall run,
And thus our hearts, like kindred drops, shall mingle
into one.

Ye glittering gems that ceaseless gild the azure robe
of night,
Beyond your spheres shall Love reveal a world of holier
light;
There fairer stars, in purer skies, o'er greener fields
shall move,
Where every thought is perfect truth, and each emo-
tion, love :—
There shall we, dearest, ever gaze on heaven's un-
clouded sun,
And there our hearts, like kindred drops, be mingled
into one.

GREEN BE THE TURF ABOVE THEE.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days !
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.
Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

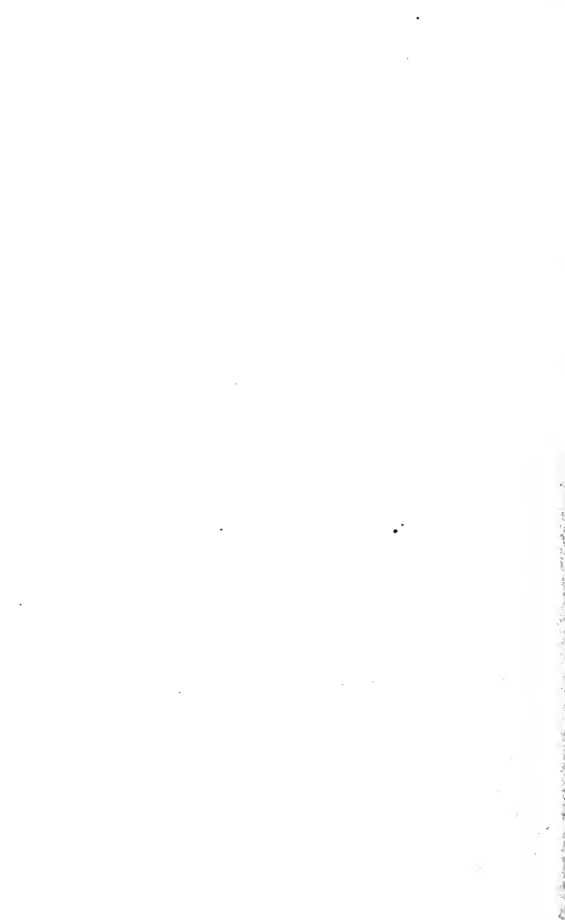
When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth,
And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and wo were thine ;

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.
While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.



Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Psalm 137.



THE TRUMPET.

BY G. W. PATTEN.

FIERCE tempter to the field of death,
Rude arbiter of glee !
What charm, O trumpet ! sways thy breath,
That man so doats on thee ?
And the trumpet answered on the blast,
With its wild and wildering tone—
I bind the present to the past,
With a magic all my own.

There's a charm that lives for the vine-clad bower,
And one for the sparkling wine,
And one for the lute of a queenly power ;
But a stronger spell is mine.
I speak to the ear of restless love,
And his burning eye grows dim,
As he turns away from the trysting grove,
Where the maiden waits for him.

The battle stirreth at my word
Its elements of fear ;
Leaps from its sheath the restless sword,
Flashes the potent spear.
The war-drum rolls a wilder call,
And the bristling columns form,
Red streams the death-flag from the wall,
Rattles the leaden storm.

My voice is o'er the sleeping seas,
And on the surging shore,
I sing upon the rustling breeze,
And I speak where tempests roar.
The squadron bark knows not her own,
Till she hears my signal blast,
And the wrecker watcheth for my tone
As he bows by the bending mast.

Well did they heed my daring call,
In the city of the plain,
When rushed the foemen from the wall,
As it crumbled o'er the slain.
But a fearful tone I yet shall wind,
To the ear of earthful trust,
When I tear apart the chains that bind
The sleeper to the dust.

TO A GOLDFINCH.

BY ROSWELL PARK.

BIRD of the gentle wing,
Songster of air,
Home, from thy wandering,
Dost thou repair?

Art thou deserted then,
Wildered and lone?
Come to my breast again,
Beautiful one.

Here in the rosy beds
Hover anew:
Eating the garden seeds,
Sipping the dew:
Then in my bower
The fragrance inhale
Of each lovely flower
That waves in the gale.

When the bright morning-star,
Rising on high,
Day's early harbinger,
Shines in the sky,
Then shall thy numbers,
So lively and gay,
Rouse me from slumbers,
To welcome the day.

When the still evening comes,
Tranquil and clear;
When the dull beetle roams,
Drumming the air;
Then, on the willow-trees
Shading the door,
Sing me thy melodies
Over once more.

Thus shall the moments fly
Sweetly along,
Tuned to thy minstrelsy,
Cheered by thy song;
Till as the light declines
Far in the west,
Thou mid the trellised vines,
Hush thee to rest.

OLD GRIMES.

BY CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

OLD Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.
His heart was open as the day—
His feelings all were true—
His hair was some inclined to gray;
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His heart with pity burned—
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

And ever prompt at pity's call,
He knew no base design—
His eyes were dark and rather small ;
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind—
In friendship he was true—
His coat had pocket holes behind—
His pantaloons were blue.
Unharm'd the sin which earth pollutes
He pass'd securely o'er—
He never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown—
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.
He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert—
He had no malice in his mind—
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbours he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay—
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.
His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view—
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances—
He lived, as all his brothers do,
In easy circumstances.
Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran—
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

OLD MRS. GRIMES.

BY A. G. GREENE.

OLD Mrs. Grimes is living still,
A widow still is she ;
She wears a neat old-fashioned frock,
A neater ne'er can be.
She's blest at home—nor seeks abroad
The scandals of the town ;
There's not enough put in her sleeves
To make another gown.

Although she's poor, the needy poor's
Hard wants she will appease ;
Her dress it never drags the ground,
Nor sets above her knees.

She every Sunday goes to church,
Nor sleeps nor chatters there ;
Her caps are of the plainest kind,
Save one for Sunday's wear.

She often says " she hopes above,
To meet her husband dear :"
She rents a cot at fifteen pounds,
And pays it every year.
She always was industrious,
And rises now betimes ;
She's called by all the neighbours round,
" *The Good Old Mrs. Grimes.*"

"FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER."

BY MRS. FOLLEN.

"Flow on, thou shining river,"
Flow gaily to the sea ;
Flow on in beauty ever,
With all thy melody.
Where has thy gentle current strayed ?
Teach all thy joyous tale to me ;
Let it flow on through light and shade ;
My song shall follow thee.

Through meadows now meander,
With graceful sweet delay;
And now, through green woods wander,
Where scarcely peeps the day:
Now, where the lofty bank hangs o'er,
Pursue thy wild, romantic way;
Down the steep rocks now swiftly pour,
Like time, that cannot stay.

Its murmurs now increasing,
On thy glad current goes;
And now, with roar unceasing,
The rapid torrent flows;
And now, all tossed in feathery foam,
Sparkling with rainbow light it glows;
It seems impatient for its home,
And hastening to repose.

Flow on, thou shining river,
Thou soon shalt reach the sea;
Thus we are passing ever,
And haste away like thee.
Wave after wave, in ceaseless flow,
Moves onward to eternity:
O may the stream thy gladness know
And thy sweet melody!

SHE IS NOT ON THE SUNNY LEA.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

SHE is not on the sunny lea,
She is not by the shady brook,
She is not where she used to be,
By her ain mither's ingle-nook ;
And weary falls the gloomy night,
And weary drags the heavy day,
Since she is gone that made them bright,
My ain dear love, that's far away.

I wander sadly roun' an' roun'
To every place we loved so well,—
The hill-side where the sun went down,
The hawthorn in the flowery dell ;
But oh, I miss her sad and sair,
Where we thegither knelt to pray,—
The village kirk,—that sees nae mair
My ain dear love, that's far away.

I canna see her light step trip,
That dared me to the merry race,
I canna touch my eager lip
To her sweet modest blushin' face ;
Her soft, soft hand to clasp in mine,
I miss it sairly a' the day,
And oh, my heart, it aches for thine,
My ain dear love that's far away.

I SEE—I SEE A BRIGHT—BRIGHT STAR.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

I SEE—I see a bright—bright star
Upon the moon-lit sea—
Oh no ! it is the gondola
Which brings my love to me ;
For gaily—gaily now it flies,
Nor heeds it yon deep sea,
While notes of love with richness rise,—
Those notes how dear to me !

Ah me—ah me ! no brighter star
Could in my vision be,
Than my own love's light gondola
Upon the moon-lit sea,
Where brightly—brightly gleams each oar
The rippling waves among,
While turn the boatmen to the shore,
And sounds my lover's song.

Those notes—those notes are dearer far
Now floating o'er the sea,
Than beams from off the pilot-star
To mariners can be.
But gaily—gaily comes my star,
My lover's form I see—
How sweetly sounds his light guitar !
“I come my love to thee.”

NAY, LADY, ASK ME NOT TO DWELL.

BY NATHANIEL GREENE.

NAY, lady, ask me not to dwell
Upon the theme you gave;
For, living only in the past,
I could but hope to save
Some relic from oblivion's shore,
Which time is stealing from my store.

In earlier and in happier days,
When life was bright and new,
I yielded all my heart to love,
And felt and wrote like you.
But now, my friend, that dream is past—
A dream too sweet, too pure to last.

Alas, it is a saddening thought
That life's delightful spring,
With all its fresh and budding hopes,
So soon should spread its wing—
Deserting hearts, one moment blest,
Then left to wither in the breast.

But thus it is;—and memory
Is all that can remain—

The Indian summer of the soul,
That kindly comes again—
Reviving, with its souvenirs,
The loves and hopes of early years.

MY FATHER DIED ERE I COULD TELL.

BY SUMNER L. FAIRFIELD.

My father died ere I could tell
The love my young heart felt for him :
My sister like a blossom fell ;
Her cheek grew cold, her blue eye dim,
Just as the hallowed hours came by,
When she was dearest unto me ;
And vale and stream and wood and sky
Were beautiful as Araby.

And, one by one, the friends of youth
Departed to the land of dreams :
And soon I felt that friends, in sooth,
Were few as flowers by mountain streams ;
And solitude came o'er me then,
And early I was taught to treasure
Lone thoughts in glimmering wood and glen ;
Now they are mine in utmost measure.

But boyhood's sorrows, though they leave
Their shadows on the spirit's dial,
Cannot by their deep spell bereave—
They herald but a darker trial;
And such 'tis mine e'en now to bear
In the sweet radiance of thine eye,
And 'tis the wildness of despair
To paint vain love that cannot die.

Yet thus it must be—like the flower,
That sheds amid the dusky night
The rays it drank at midday hour,
My spirit pours abroad its light,
When all the beauty and the bloom,
The blessedness of love hath gone,
And left the darkness of the tomb,
Upon the glory of its throne.

The hour hath come—it cannot part—
Deterring pride—one hurried deed
Hath fixed its seal upon my heart,
And ever it must throb and bleed,
Till life, and love, and anguish o'er,
The spirit soars to its first birth,
And meets on heaven's own peaceful shore
The heart it loved too well on earth.

FANNY WILLOUGHBY.

BY WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON.

"I LOVE thee, Fanny Willoughby,
And that's the why, ye see,
I woo thee, Fanny Willoughby,
And cannot let thee be ;
I sing for thee, I sigh for thee,
And O ! you may depend on't,
I'll weep for thee, I'll die for thee,
And that will be the end on't.

"I love thy form, I worship it,
To me it always seems
As if it were the counterfeit
Of some I've seen in dreams ;
It makes me feel as if I had
An angel by my side,
And then I think I am so bad,
You will not be my bride.

"I love the golden locks that glow
About that brow of thine ;
I always thought them 'so and so,'
But now, they are divine ;
They're like an Alpine torrent's rush—
The finest under heaven ;
They're like the bolted clouds, that flush
The sky of summer's even.

“I love thy clear and hazel eye—
They say the blue is fairer ;
And I confess that formerly
I thought the blue the rarer ;
But when I saw thine eye so clear,
Though perfectly at rest,
I did kneel down, and I did swear
The hazel was the best.

“I love thy hand so pale and soft,
The which, in days ‘lang syne,’
Ye, innocent as trusting, oft
Would softly clasp in mine ;
I thought it sure was chiseled out
Of marble by the geniuses,
The which the poets rant about,
The virgins and the Venuses.

“I love the sounds that from thy lip
Gush holily and free,
As rills that from their caverns slip,
And prattle to the sea ;
The melody for aye doth steal
To hearts by sorrow riven,
And then I think and then I feel
That music comes from heaven.

“Now listen, Fanny Willoughby,
To what I cannot keep,
My days ye rob of jollity,
My nights ye rob of sleep ;

And if ye don't relent, why I
Believe you will me kill ;
For passion must have vent, and I
Will kill myself I will."

'Twas thus, when love had made me mad ;
For Fanny Willoughby,
I told my tale, half gay, half sad,
To Fanny Willoughby ;
And Fanny looked as maiden would
When love her heart did burn,
And Fanny sighed as maiden should,
And murmured a return.

And so I wooed Fan Willoughby—
A maiden like a dove,
And so I won Fan Willoughby—
The maiden of my love ;
And though sad years have passed since that,
And she is in the sky,
I never, never can forget
Sweet Fanny Willoughby.

I'LL TRY MY LUCK AGAIN.

BY H. F. HARRINGTON.

WHY should we grieve when trouble lowers,
And steep our days in wo?
Oh rather gaily pass life's hours,
In pleasure as they flow!
Oh not one tear shall dim my eye,
Though life be fraught with pain!
I'll bid the past a kind "Good-by!"
And try my luck again!

I'll court dame Fortune's soft caress,
Each flattering lure display;
And if my votive prayer she bless,
I'll dance life's hours away.
But if she do not smile on me,
And all my prayers are vain—
I'll laugh and quaff in merry glee,
And—try my luck again!

I'll seek a friend where honour glows—
Unswayed by falsehood's wile,
To cheer my heart when damped by woes,
Smile with me when I smile;
But if he prove a heartless one—
A scoffer at my pain,
I'll bid the treacherous knave begone,
And—try my luck again!

I'll pay my vows at beauty's shrine,
Where sparkling black eyes gleam;
And if propitious hope be mine,
I'll revel in love's dream.
But if she frown, my pretty belle,
And all my vows disdain,
I'll, smiling, take my last farewell,—
And—try my luck again!

And when death sets his seal on me,
And moors my shattered bark,
And fate is struggling to set free
Life's faintly lingering spark—
Oh not one tear shall dim my eye,
That life is on the wane,
That I must bid the world "Good-by!"
Nor—try my luck again!

NEW ENGLAND.

BY S. G. BULFINCH.

HOME of the good, the brave, the wise,
Bold youth and beauty bright,
The sun, as on his course he hies,
Beholds no lovelier sight.

Italia's vales with perfume glow
From every flowery tree,
But ne'er those lovely valleys know
The breath of Liberty.

Bright beams the sun on Syria's plains,
Where ancient prophets trod,
And held, in Nature's forest fanes,
High converse with their God.
But holier are the hills that bind
Thy stormy ocean shore,
For there the sacred human mind
Knows its own strength once more.

There, in the cottage and the hall,
As bursts the morning ray,
The hymn of praise ascends from all
To him who gives the day.
There, as the evening sun declines,
They join in harmless glee;
On all the beam of pleasure shines,
For all alike are free.

SHE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

BY J. JONES.

O, SHE was gay in youth's bright morn,
And beautiful when young,
And midst life's roses knew no thorn
'Till her sweet breast was stung :
The plighted one forgot his vow—
She said it gave no pain—
But a sadness settled on her brow—
She never smiled again !

She spoke not of the cruel one,
And sought the merry throng ;
But changed was her once silver tone,
And mournful her low song.
She glittered next with jewels bright,
And danced to merry strain ;
But the stricken one knew no delight—
She never smiled again.

She strayed along the sedgy brook,
And marked the blue-bird's song—
But neither flower, bird, nor brook,
Could cheat her mem'ry long.
Her thoughts flew back to moments past,
And then she sighed in vain ;
Her drooping heart was broke at last—
She never smiled again !

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

My boyhood, my boyhood ! has long since past away,
And like the flowers of spring its hours have faded in
 decay,
And time, with all his promises, hath yielded scarce a
 joy
That can repay those swept away from me while yet a
 boy.

The world lay fresh before me, and like a summer bird,
On eager wing I rose to sing where melody was heard.
The heavens were calm, the air was balm, the earth
 was gemmed with flowers ;
And shouts of joy without alloy brought on the winged
 hours.

But now I mourn my infancy as I my babes deplore,
Who like bright visions flitted by, and then were seen
 no more.
But when as they I past away, O ! not a tear was shed,
Although my boyhood is a thing now numbered with
 the dead.

All radiant in their innocence, my babes again shall
 live ;
But the bright boy that time destroyed, no power can
 bid revive.

And of the beings manifold that breathed and moved in
me,
An old man broken down with care, is all that God will
see.

My boyhood—my manhood! have vanished like the
wind,
Or eager birds that clip the air, and leave no trace be-
hind.
They lived—they died—both suicide, and are forever
gone.
Or at the judgment I appear a myriad in one.

THE HOUSATONICK RIVER BOAT-SONG.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

GAILY row the boat—row—
For bright is the stream,
With the light of the stars,
And the moon's merry beam;
With the splash of our oars,
Good tune we will measure,
To the dance of our spirits,
In this hour of pleasure.

Quickly row the boat—row—
For fair eyes are beaming ;
And from earth, air, and sky,
Sweet influence is streaming.
Let us follow the windings,
Mid green leafy bowers,
Of this gracefully flowing,
Sweetest river of ours.

Our own Housatonick !
With what loving embraces
His course through our valley
He evermore traces !
In all future ages
May his blessings be shed,
On those who are worthy
His green banks to tread.

ZEPHYR, I ENVY THEE.

BY JOHN KEESE.

ZEPHYR, I envy thee thy bliss :
Not that the wild flowers court thy kiss ;
Not that thou curlest the bright sea foam
Before the barque as it boundeth home ;—

Revels like these, I envy thee not,
All pure as thou art, if it be my lot,
Concealed from view like thyself, to rove,
Hovering around the fair form I love ;
Like thee midst her tresses of gold to play,
And the sultriness chase from her brow away ;
Ever around her a perfume to fling,
Like the fragrant drops from a Peri's wing,
Love from his Paradise doth bring.

COME, TAKE THY LUTE.

BY L. L. CAMPBELL.

Come, take thy lute ! attune thy voice,
Strike up some happy joyous strain,
Some tones to make our hearts rejoice,
And bring their blisses back again ;
Sing me the song I love to hear,
That song so dear to thee and me :
Sing to me, love ; though death were near,
'Twould sweeten death in hearing thee.

Come, take thy lute ! let me but see
Once more thy fingers sweep the chords,
And hear thy 'witching melody
Repeat those dear delightful words.

Dry up that tear—all thoughts of ill
That song will make us each forget ;
Oh do not weep—be happy still—
All may be well, be happy yet.

Come, take thy lute ! strike soft, and slow,
Bring back the thoughts of other hours,
Ere yet our hearts were brought to know
The with'ring blight of faded flowers—
Ere yet a fear had dimmed our bliss,
Or yet suspense had mocked our joy,
When all around was happiness,
And pleasures sped without alloy.

Yes, take thy lute : sweet tones ! they speak
Of guiltless hours, and former peace :
Oh cease the strain, thy crimson cheek
Bespeaks the pain ; I pray thee cease.
Thou still hast feeling : yes, I see
Those bitter tears in streamlets flow ;
Come, mingle those sad tears with me,
And drown the thoughts that wound us so.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

BY F. S. KEY.

OH! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the per-
ilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there?
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner—oh! long may it
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footstep's pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AND ARE THE MOMENTS PAST.

BY JOHN NEWLAND MAFFIT.

AND are the moments past
The loved ones flown?
And must we part at last,
To weep alone?
Must friendship's wreath be torn?
The withered garland lie
Like relics in an urn,
And fond ones sigh?

Must hearts long blest and true
Be severed now?
And all we cherished too
To sorrow bow?
Has parting dimmed the ray
That shone in friendship's sky,
As evening shades the day
When sunbeams die?

The joyous hours are fled
Like spring's young flowers!
The beautiful are dead
In life's gay bowers!
No more, in union sweet,
Our hearts will here agree,
We never more may meet
In harmony!

Ah, shall we meet no more
While life shall last,
Along this dreary shore
To wake the past ?
We may not meet below,
But will in realms above ;
And there forever know
The friends we love !

POLAND AND LIBERTY.

BY MISS LESLIE.

HAIL to the eagle's flight of glory,
Now soaring mid the northern skies ;
Fair Freedom's eagle—be his story
The same where'er his pinions rise.
From his bright glance the sunlight streaming
First gave Columbia's stars to shine,
Then coloured France's rainbow sign ;
And now o'er half the world is beaming.
March on, march on, ye brave,
To triumph or to fall :
March on, march on, Sarmatia's sons,
March forward, one and all.

Hark ! from the desert's farthest regions
The shouting Cossacks rend the air ;
Though victors o'er the Moslem legions,
They know not all that patriots dare.
Fair Poland's plains before them lying,
No Balkan heights now intervene,
No mountain barriers rise between,
The fierce invader's course defying.
" Come on, come on, ye slaves,
In soul, at least, we're free :
Come on, come on, our bodies now
Your Balkan ridge shall be."

Then wealth was lavished without measure
To aid that cause, all else above ;
And woman gave her heart's fond treasure,
The sacred ring of married love.
Oh ! noble race—still, still we cherish
The mem'ry of thy gallant son,
Who came to aid us ere we won
The glorious wreath that ne'er shall perish.
Advance, advance the flags—
The standards of the free—
Look down, look down, Kosciusko's shade,
We wave them now for thee.

A SERENADE.

BY LUCY HOOPER.

OH wake thee, lady, wake—
The stars are on the sea,
And their holy torches burn
But for thee, love, for thee !
Oh ! wake thee, lady, wake—
In the day's sweet prime
Other voices whisper thee,
Winning tones from thine :

But at night, but at night,
Wake for me, wake for me,
When the burning stars are bright
On the quiet sea.
When the moon is softly beaming
As I come to thee,
And the jasmine buds are gleaming,
Wake thee, love, for me.

As a holy torch that shineth,
Though no eye may see,
As a sun that ne'er declineth,
Is my love for thee.
Then wake thee, lady mine,
And keep thy tryst to-night,
While the moon is on the sea,
And the holy stars are bright.

A FESTAL SONG.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

FILL high, fill high, with good old wine,
The bowl our fathers drained—
Fill high, fill high, though its golden rim
By the mist of Age is stained.
In nectar *now* bedew the lips,
And wake the voice of song,
For clouds will gather, and eclipse
The light of bliss ere long.
Fill high, fill high, with good old wine,
The cup our fathers drained—
Fill high, fill high, though its golden rim
By the mist of Age is stained!

The foam-bells on the ruby tide
Are types of passing things,
Reminding us that Joy soon dies—
That graybeard Time hath wings—
And a few more days will dawn and end,
A few more moons wax old,
Ere friend will darkly follow friend
To homes in churchyard mould.
Fill high, fill high, with good old wine,
The bowl our fathers drained—
Fill high, fill high, though its golden rim
By the mist of Age is stained!

Around this ancient festal board
Glad spirits met of yore,
But their merry strains are hushed in death—
Their laugh will ring no more :
Under the yew trees, mossed and green,
May their quiet graves be found,
But in *soul* they hover nigh unseen
While tale and jest go round.
Then fill, fill high, with good old wine,
The bowl our fathers drained—
Fill high, fill high, though its golden rim
By the mist of Age is stained.

IF THAT BRIGHT FAITH.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

If that bright faith, whose holy beam
The future's darkness turns to day,
Be but delusion's feverish dream,
Returning reason sweeps away—
Oh, who could nerve against despair?
Oh, who survive the loss of bliss?
And, slave-like, still his burden bear,
And toil on through a world like this?

Brow-furrowing care, heart-breaking grief,
The bitter tears that anguish showers—
Oh, where from these is found relief—
Oh, where, if that dark creed be ours?
Better at once to end our pain,
In the hushed grave our sorrows cast,
Than drag along life's galling chain,
And have no goal to reach at last.

But if that faith which heavenward glows
Sheds in my heart its light sincere,
Then come, oh earth! with all thy woes—
I care not for my sorrows here.
The soul within me cannot die;
'Twill soon from every pang be free;
Though chained by 'mortal' here, on high
'Twill dwell in 'immortality.'

MINSTREL, SING THAT SONG AGAIN.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

MINSTREL, sing that song again,
Plaintive in its solemn flow;
Memory owns its magic strain,
Loved and cherished long ago:

Lo! the past, the mystic past,
Rises through the vista dim—
Just as twilight's shades are cast
At the day's departing hymn!

Minstrel, 'twas an eve like this :
Stars were spangling all the sky :
Every zephyr spoke of bliss
Floating in its fragrance by ;
Then, within our moon-lit bower,
One, with voice like music's own,
Sweetly charmed the lingering hour,
To the soft lute's silvery tone !

As the witching cadence fell
Wild within our bower of love,
Angel bands might prove the spell,
Bending from the courts above !
Minstrel, chant once more the air,
Soft as spring's departing breath :
She who sang its numbers there
Slumbers as the bride of Death !

Minstrel, chide thou not my tears—
Thou hast waked a mournful theme ;
Memory roves the slumbering years,
Like some dear, forgotten dream :
Day will come, with joy and gladness—
Cares once more will fling their blight ;
Chide not, then, my spirit's sadness—
Minstrel, let me weep to-night !

THE WARRIOR'S DIRGE.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

WARRIOR, rest ! thy toils are ended—
Life's last fearful strife is o'er ;
Clarion-calls, with death-notes blended,
Shall disturb thine ear no more !
Peaceful is thy dreamless slumber—
Peaceful—but how cold and stern !
Thou hast joined that silent number
In the land whence none return !

Warrior, rest ! thy banner o'er thee
Hangs in many a drooping fold—
Many a manly cheek before thee
Stained with tear-drops we behold !
Thine was not a hand to falter
When thy sword should leave its sheath ;
Thine was not a cheek to alter,
Though thy duty led to death !

Warrior, rest ! a dirge is knelling
Solemnly from shore to shore :
'Tis a nation's tribute, telling
That a patriot is no more !
Thou where Freedom's sons have striven,
Firm and bold, didst foremost stand !
Freely was thy life-blood given
For thy home and father-land !

Warrior, rest ! our star is vanished
That to victory led the way ;
And from our lone hearth is banished
All that cheered Life's weary day !
There thy young bride weeps in sorrow
That no more she hears thy tread—
That the night which knows no morrow
Darkly veils thy laurelled head !

Warrior, rest ! we smooth thy pillow
For thy last, long earthly sleep ;—
Oh ! beneath yon verdant willow
Storms unheard will o'er the sweep !
There, 'tis done !—thy couch awaits thee !—
Softly down thy head we lay ;
Here repose, till God translates thee
From the dust to endless day !

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

BY J. N. M'JILTON.

I'LL think of thee when morn is breaking,
Richly o'er the sleeping sea ;
When my thoughts, from dreams awaking,
Stir the depths of memory.

When deeds of other days are rushing
O'er my mental vision free ;
And feeling's waters forth are gushing,
Then, my love, I'll think of thee.

When the weary sun, retiring,
Seeks in peace his evening rest,
And his latest beams expiring,
Fade upon the glorious west ;
When the twilight dews are shedding
Balmy tears on flower and tree,
And grief upon my heart is spreading,
Then, my love, I'll think of thee.

When the star of eve is sinking
Down the blue and brilliant sky,
When the myriad orbs are blinking,
Weary of their watch on high ;
When the brimming fount of feeling,
Sorrow-smitten, gushes free ;
All its hidden depths revealing,
Then, my love, I'll think of thee.

THE STREAMS.

BY J. BARBER.

THE streams !—how pure, how beautiful !
How holy do they seem,
When sombre twilight's shadow cool
Subdues their golden gleam,
Where, in the willow-curtained pool,
The wave-tired waters dream !

Where by the alder-circled cove
And round the reedy isle,
The peering wild-fowl move
In many a shadowy file,
And swallows dimple as they rove
The silent lapse the while.

River ! where once in thoughtless mood
I cast the whistling line,
Above thy liquid solitude
No more my paddles shine ;
My oar is in the world's fierce flood,
More dangerous than thine.

But though life's flowers their leaves uncloze
Beneath its vernal beams,
Yet memory from its whelming snows
A blossom oft redeems,

And wafts the scent of spring's first rose
Athwart our winter dreams :

And thus, although youth's locks of gold
Are turning silver-gray,
Visions of boyhood's pastime bold
Around me seem to play,
And, by the streams I loved of old,
My soul makes holiday.

THE GIFT.

BY JAMES HALL.

TAKE, oh take the gift I bring !
Not the blushing rose of spring,
Not a gem from India's cave,
Not the coral of the wave,

Not a wreath to deck thy brow,
Not a ring to bind thy vow—
Brighter is the gift I bring,
Friendship's purest offering.

Take the Book ! oh may it be
Treasured long and dear by thee.
Wealth may buy thee richer toys,
Love may weave thee brighter joys,

Hope may sing a sweeter lay,
Pleasure shed a softer ray ;
But not wealth nor love may twine,
Wreath so pure, as this of mine ;

Hope nor pleasure spread a hue
Half so lasting, half so true—
Keep, oh keep the gift I bring,
It is friendship's offering !

I'VE LOVED BEFORE NOW.

BY JAMES LAWSON.

I'VE loved before now—like the wandering bee,
I have sipped from each flow'ret all thoughtless and free
I've loved, did I say ? No ! In idle romance,
Like the fool I have basked in the loveliest glance.

I've loved before now, for an hour or a day,
But my love, like the zephyr, soon flitted away.
I've loved, did I say ? No ! 'Twas fancy alone ;
If I paused but to think, the illusion had flown.

I've loved before now—'twas a bright and brief dream,
That as swiftly vanished as stars on the stream.
I've loved, did I say ? No ! My heart I beguile,
For I ne'er loved, dear maiden, till sunned in thy smile.

Then come to this heart, and believe me, no more
My affections shall wander—I dearly adore ;
Thinkest thou I can change? No! But steadfast in
truth,
I will love thee in age, with the ardour of youth.

CUPID'S DEFIANCE.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

THINK ye to fetter Love with gold?
Ah no, no!
With brow of care and features old?
With pulseless veins and bosom cold?
Ah no, no!
Enchain the star
That gleams afar,
Withhold the breezes from the tree;
Forbid the heart
To act its part,
Then hope with gold to fetter me.

Could Love an humble captive be?
Ah no, no!
The heart is Cupid's monarchy;
No gold is in his treasury.
Ah no, no!

Ambition bold,
Pride stern and cold,
Are subjects, Mammon, for thy chain ;
But love is free
As thought can be,
And flings thy shackles back again.

THE FALLING TIDE UPON THE BEACH.

BY HENRY PANTON.

THE falling tide upon the beach
In murmurs chides my long delay ;
The whispering wind in fancy speaks,
And bids me on my course away.
And yet I linger near thine eyes,
As one on whom there hangs a spell ;
I strive in vain—my tongue denies
The tones that form that word, "Farewell."

We'll meet no more. In after years,
Perhaps some long-neglected token
Of ties now washed away in tears,
That once no power could have broken,

May call emotions to the heart
That long in it have ceased to dwell,
And may again the scene impart
Where last I whispered, Fare-thee well.

For me, the heart that once was thine
May beat beneath another's power,
But never from another's shrine
Can bring the sadness of this hour.
With thee I've passed the morn of love—
Day half his lustre will dispel ;
And after-joys the heart would prove,
Will sadden at our last Farewell.

I linger still ; but 'tis in vain—
Nought can those careless hours restore ;
Procrastination adds but pain,
And only heats the tear-drop more.
Come, while my eyes are filled with thee,
Ere tears thy image shall dispel ;
Bright may thy future prospects be ;
One kiss—forever Fare-thee-well.

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER."

BY L. L. DAPONTE.

FAREWELL ! how oft that word is said

By those who hope to meet again,
While tears that solace as they flow
Bespeak the transitory pain !

I do not weep to say farewell ;
All speechless will I see thee part,
While sorrow shall thy image take—
Companion of my broken heart.

Nor think if cheerless I pursue
The path that thou hast marked with wo,
There is not in my heart a joy,
That joy itself can never know—
To see thee when thou art not nigh ;
To hear thee when no other hears ;
To love thee e'en in time's decay,
As in thy pride of youthful years !

When life and care have dimmed thine eye,
So terrible in beauty now,
Unaltered still thy face to see—
Unchanged the glory of thy brow !
Still on unfaded charms to gaze,
Till, guided by thy light divine,
My soul shall be refined at last
To fit companionship with thine !

But thou—where'er thy choice may lead,
Unmindful of the wreck it makes—
One heart shall follow thee with prayer,
And bless thee, while for thee it breaks.
Then if at last thy lot may prove
One worthy of thy love to see,
The rapture of that love be his,
The triumph mine to die for thee.

MOURNEST THOU.

BY E. A. STANSBURY.

MOURN'ST thou o'er those hours departed
Which have fled on rosy wing,
When the loved, the gentle-hearted,
Bloomed around thy being's spring
Sigh'st thou for the friends that perished
While their hearts were fresh and young;
Forms that once thy bosom cherished,
Slumb'ring now the graves among?

Dost thou weep, lone child of sorrow,
O'er the hopes that erst were thine,
Looking sadly for the morrow
Which again shall bid them shine?

Is there nought thy cares can lighten
Nought can bid thy tears be dry—
Nought thy fading hopes can brighten,
Gentle child of misery?

Ay! there is a home in Heaven,
Where thy heart shall grieve no more—
To spirits such as thine is given
Rest upon that peaceful shore.
Weep not then, sweet child of sorrow,
O'er the hopes that erst were thine,
Calmly wait that blessed morrow
Which shall bid them brighter shine!

THE BIRTH OF PRINTING.

BY HORACE GREELY.

Long slumbered the world in the darkness of error,
And ignorance brooded o'er earth like a pall:
To the mitre and crown men abased them in terror,
Though galling the bondage, and bitter the thrall:
When a voice like the earthquake's revealed the dishonour—
A flash like the lightning's unsealed every eye,
And o'er hill-top and glen floated liberty's banner,
While round it men gathered to conquer or die!

'Twas the voice of the PRESS—on the startled ear
• brecking,

In giant-born prowess, like Pallas of old :

'Twas the flash of intelligence gloriously waking

A glow on the cheek of the noble and bold ;

And tyranny's minions, o'erawed and affrighted,

Sought a lasting retreat in the cloister and cowl,

And the chains which bound nations in ages benighted

Were cast to the haunts of the bat and the owl.

Then hail to the PRESS ! chosen guardian of freedom !

Strong sword-arm of justice ! bright sunbeam of truth !

We pledge to her cause, (and she has but to need
them,)

The strength of our manhood, the fire of our youth :

Should despot e'er dare to impede her free soaring

Or bigot to fetter her flight with his chain,

We swear that the earth shall close o'er our deploring,

Or view her in gladness and freedom again.

But no !—to the day-dawn of knowledge and glory,

A far brighter noontide-refulgence succeeds ;

And our art shall embalm, through all ages, in story,

Her champion who triumphs—her martyr who
bleeds—

And proudly her sons shall recall their devotion,

While millions shall listen to honour and bless,

Till there bursts a response from the heart's strong
emotion,

And the earth echoes deep with "Long life to the

PRESS !"

'TIS STRANGE, THE MYSTIC LINK THAT
BINDS.

BY JAMES MARTIN.

'Tis strange, the mystic link that binds
Remembrance to the past,
Whose faintest murmuring sound reminds
Of hopes too bright to last.
For ever and anon there steals
A tone of music fled,
Which to the mind a glimpse reveals
Of feelings long since dead.

'Tis strange an echo has the power
To wake the past again—
Recall to view each vanished hour,
And bring back all our pain.
In vain, alas! we try to fling
Its weight from off the heart—
The very thought will quickly sting,
And fresher grief impart.

Oh! what a price does memory pay
For visions of delight!
For boyhood's dreams long past away,
How rapid is their flight!

Those halcyon days, when the young thought
Was free from stern alloy,
Ere sorrow came and rudely taught
How transient was its joy.

And when we wake from our young dreams,
Alas! we sleep no more!
Too like the rainbow's glorious beams—
Their dazzling light is o'er.
Those dreams are spectres of the mind—
They pass from off the brain;
But, oh! the void they leave behind—
They never come again!

WHEN THOSE DREAMS THAT ENCHANT.

BY FRANCIS PANTON, JUN.

WHEN those dreams that enchant us in boyhood are
over,
And feelings forsake us that pleasure could rouse;
When the myrtle, entwined as a crown for the lover,
Falls leafless and dead from the brow of the spouse;
When the full flowing wine-cup no longer can borrow
Those smiles that can brighten its billows alone:
Then we'll think of those hours we have squandered
with sorrow;
But oh! while they last, they're too lovely to shun.

Now ! now cull the dew-dripping rosebud and braid it,
While it nestles the first smile of morn in its breast ;
Soon the withering gaze of the day-god may fade it,
And the rose may be flung from the brow it caressed.
And soon, like the rose, may some joy that entwined us,
Fade from friendship's gay circle and never return ;
Of the past, memory's mirror may sadly remind us,
And the spirit but gaze on its shadows to mourn.

Then round with the bowl—oh ! now let us drain it,
And bask in the beam that is shed o'er its brim ;
Soon the pitiless lip of old Time may profane it,
And his sullyng breath bid its lustre be dim.
Oh ! thus may my spirit, when death shall unbind it,
Glide lightly away like the light rosy wave ;
And as dear be the memory that lingers behind it,
As the loveliest dream that the wine-cup e'er gave.

A GENTLE BREEZE FROM HER HIGH BROW.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

A GENTLE breeze from her high brow
Throws back her raven hair,
Oh, gladness has no longer now
Her wonted empire there !

That brow with clouds is overcast,
That cheek is wan and paled—
What spell has o'er her spirit passed,
And what her heart assailed?

Another gaze : a tear is there—
The effort was in vain,
When sorrow is too deep to bear,
Who shall its tears restrain ?
Now the deep fountain is unsealed,
The gushing waters rise,
Her agony is all revealed
In those o'erflowing eyes !

Upon her hand a diamond rare
Reflects the setting sun,
But where is he who placed it there
When their young hearts were one ?
Oh, in that word the secret lies,
For they are one no more !
Joy in the faithful bosom dies
When Love's sweet dream is o'er.

THE SPIRITS' GATHERING.

BY G. W. ROBBINS.

THEY are gathering proudly round me,
The spirits of the brave,
From all earth's fields of glory,
And many a storied wave.
Of every age and nation,
The sons of every clime,
Who've twined the deathless laurel
Around the brow of time.

No banner floats above them,
No warlike shout is there ;
They march, as march the stately stars,
Through pathless fields of air.
What charm hath broke the sternness
Of your long and deep repose,
Where the warrior's arm forgot at length
To grapple with his foes ?

The war-cloud burst above ye,
Unheeded in its wrath ;
The car of triumph rushed along,
Ye dreamed not of its path !
Why bide ye not the spirits' trump ?
'Twill shake the earth and sea,
And all the armies of the dead,
Shall hear that *réveillé*.

THE AZURE SMILE OF SUMMER EYES.

BY M'DONALD CLARKE.

THE azure smile of summer eyes
May charm the young and gay,
But those where sorrow's shadow lies,
Like winter's sundown ray,
Are dearer to the desert heart
That all its lonesome feels,
As answering tears will always start
Where gloomy music steals.

Our feelings darken, like the rays
Of twilight through a cloud,
Shading the bloom of boyhood's days,
And hopes, unbreathed aloud :
Hopes—that have cheered us but to cheat,
And gone—to come no more,
Save when in funeral dreams we meet
The forms, so loved of yore.

O sing the mourning songs, my child,
The bleak wild songs of old,
O'er which fond eyes have wept and smiled,
That now are closed, and cold.
Eyes—that life's weeping passions wet
Once with enjoyment bright,
Ere the beams of human bliss had set
In memory's moonless night.

That dreary music brings again
Dreams of far faded years,
Ere happiness began to wane,
And hope was seen in tears ;
Names—that are heard on earth no more,
Dim on the burial-stone ;
Faces—that looks of kindness wore,
Long—long to me unknown ;

Hearts—that with wise attachment beat,
In every trial, true ;
Voices—that even reproof made sweet,
For love was melting through ;
All that gave childhood's hour its charm,
Embalmed a mother's name,
When to her grave, at midnight's calm,
Remembrance often came.

Then sing the dark old songs that speak
Of sorrow's faithful dead,
And sweeter tears will cool my cheek
Than pleasure ever shed ;
For he who lives a little while
In this false world of ours,
Will find them worth the richest smile
That warms but—Fortune's bowers.

Smiles glitter round the velvet path
Of wealth's voluptuous home,
Yet vanish—when the thunder's wrath
And trouble's tempest come ;

But tears are purer tests of truth—
Keep old affections bright,
Long after we outlive our youth,
And life 's—in waneing light.

TO THE MEMORY OF ———

BY C. DONALD M'LEOD.

FAREWELL, oh thou star of my being ! whose smile
Was a beacon of hope to my wilderness earth ;
Whose voice, like an orphean lute, could beguile
The sorrow of life, till it melted to mirth.
Thou art gone to a land where the eye knows no tear ;
Where the brow never fades at the touch of decay ;
But the heart thou hast left, feels its loneliness here,
For the warmth of its summer hath faded away.

Like a sun-gilded lake, in whose waters are glassed
The forms of the roses that bloom on its shore,
Thy soul-mirrored love ; but death's gloomy wing passed,
And ruffled the wave till it mirrored no more.
Thy flight was at twilight ; the sun's golden glare
Had paled at the death of a beautiful day ;
But one beam, like an angel, seemed lingering there,
To light thy dear spirit in beauty away.

Farewell! the sad tears that I weep for thee now,
Are the last that my spirit shall wring from its gloom;
For thy death shed a promising light o'er my brow,
That showed a glad land 'neath the veil of the tomb!
I'll join thee, my bride! where eternity's bow
Its iris-hued light on our union shall pour;
And the spirits that death disunited below,
Shall mingle in Heaven, to sever no more!

UNFURL OUR STANDARD HIGH.

BY OWEN GRENLIFFE WARREN.

UNFURL our standard high!
Its glorious folds shall wave
Where'er the land looks to the sky,
Or ocean's surges lave!
And when, beneath its shade, the brave,
With patriotic ire,
Combat for glory or the grave,
It shall their breasts inspire
With that chivalric spark which first
Upon our foes in terror burst!

Unfurl the stripes and stars!
They evermore shall be
Victorious on the field of Mars—
Triumphant on the sea!

And when th' o'erruling fates decree
The bolt of war to throw,
Thou, sacred banner of the free,
Shalt daunt the bravest foe ;
And never shall thy stars decline,
Till circling suns have ceased to shine.

I SEEK THEE NOT WHEN MIRTH IS HIGH.

BY MRS. DAPONTE.

I SEEK thee not when mirth is high,
When homage beams from every eye,
And all proclaim thee fair.
In hours like these I do not move
Around thee with light words of love,—
I feel thou art too dear.

I seek thee not amid the throng
Who fascinate with voice and song,
And kneel before thee there.
Oh no, I flatter not, nor vow
When others kneel, when others bow,—
I feel thou art too dear.

The vain and giddy follow thee ;
They proffer love's idolatry,
They murmur in thine ear !

Ah, little effort for that train
Love's outward agony to feign,
They feel not thou art dear.

Believe that yet I love thee well,
My soul yet owns the secret spell
That whispers thou art dear—
The spell that makes all language weak,
That sends the fever to my cheek
Whenever thou art near.

THE SEA-BIRD.

BY ANNA MARIA WELLS.

SEA-BIRD! haunter of the wave,
Delighting o'er its crest to hover;
Half engulfed where yawns the cave
The billow forms in rolling over;
Sea-bird! seeker of the storm!
In its shriek thou dost rejoice;
Sending from thy bosom warm
Answer shriller than its voice

Bird, of nervous winged flight,
Flashing silvery to the sun,
Sporting with the sea-foam white,—
When will thy wild course be done?

Whither tends it? Has the shore
No alluring haunt for thee?
Nook, with tangled vines grown o'er,
Scented shrub, or leafy tree?

Is the purple sea-weed rarer
Than the violet of the spring?
Is the snowy foam-wreath fairer
Than the apple's blossoming?
Shady grove and sunny slope,—
Seek but these, and thou shalt meet
Birds not born with storm to cope,
Hermits of retirement sweet—

Where no winds too rudely swell,
But in whispers, as they pass,
Of the fragrant flow'ret tell,
Hidden in the tender grass.
There the mock-bird sings of love;
There the robin builds his nest;
There the gentle-hearted dove,
Brooding, takes her blissful rest.

Sea-bird—stay thy rapid flight:—
Gone!—Where dark waves foam and dash,
Like a lone star on the night,—
Far I see his white wing flash.
He obeyeth God's behest,
All their destiny fulfil:—
Tempests some are born to breast;
Some, to worship and be still.

If to struggle with the storm
On life's ever changing sea,
Where cold mists enwrap the form,
My harsh destiny must be—
Sea-bird ! thus may I abide
Cheerful the allotment given,
And rising o'er the ruffled tide,
Escape at last, like thee, to Heaven.

LAND OF THE SOUTH.

BY ALEXANDER B. MEEK.

LAND of the south !—imperial land !
How proud thy mountains rise !
How sweet thy scenes on every hand !
How fair thy covering skies !
But not for this,—oh, not for these,
I love thy fields to roam,—
Thou hast a dearer spell to me,—
Thou art my native home !

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unequalled, to the sea,—
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be !

Yet not for thy proud ocean-streams,
Not for thine azure dome,—
Sweet sunny south !—I cling to thee,—
Thou art my native home !

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
Beloved of tale and song,—
On Helvyn's hills, proud and sublime,
Where nature's wonders throng,—
By Tempe's classic, sun-lit streams,
Where gods, of old, did roam,—
But ne'er have found so fair a land
As thou—my native home !

And thou hast prouder glories too,
Than nature ever gave,—
Peace sheds o'er thee her genial dew,
And freedom's pinions wave,—
Fair science flings her pearls around,
Religion lifts her dome :—
These, these endear thee to my heart,—
My own loved native home !

And "heaven's best gift to man" is thine,—
God bless thy rosy girls !—
Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine,—
Their hearts are pure as pearls !
And grace and goodness circle them,
Where'er their footsteps roam,—
How can I then, whilst loving them,
Not love my native home ?

Land of the south !—imperial land !
Then here's a health to thee !—
Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
Mayst thou be blest and free !—
May dark dissension's banner ne'er
Wave o'er thy fertile loam,—
But should it come, there's one will die
To save his native home !

MY PRAYER FOR THEE, DEAREST.

BY OLIVER WENDELL WITHINGTON.

My prayer for thee, dearest, is not that thy way
May be sunny and bright as a calm summer day,
That no shadows may darken thy morning's blue sky,
No grief cloud thy spirit, no tear-drop thine eye ;—
That the pleasures of earth, with her gayest of flowers,
May be strewn at thy footsteps to gladden life's hours,
And thy days, without sorrow or trial, may seem
Like the cherished remembrance of some hallowed
dream.

It were vain. We may slumber in hope's chain secure,
But her fabric is transient, and may not endure ;
The visions most worshipped in morning's pure light,
We are destined to weep o'er in silence at night.

And yet, when I bend to that Being on high,
Whose throne is the Heaven—who illumines the sky,
Thou still art remembered, beloved, and there
Thy name ever breathed in the stillness of prayer:—

That thy soul may be turned from the vain things of
earth,
Thy young heart be changed by a holier birth,
That his spirit within its recesses may come,
And meet in thy spirit a calm, perfect home.
And when thy glad eye shall wax languid and dim,
May thy thoughts turn to heaven, thy spirit to him;
And when death's bitter draught thou art destined to
sip,
May his peace be around thee, his name on thy lip.

THE FIRST LOVE.

BY FREDERICK WEST.

THE first love! The first love!
There's nothing like the first love—
Other throes
The bosom knows,
But nothing like the first love.
The heart may smile
In bliss awhile

Where eyes are brightly beaming ;
 As when the sun
 Its course has run,
We love the stars' soft gleaming :
But the first love ! the first love !
There's nothing like the first love.
 Other throes
 The bosom knows,
But nothing like the first love.

 Yes, mem'ry still
 Our hearts will fill
With the sweet hope that's perished—
 And lesser light
 Will sink in night
By that first fondly cherished—
 As even in death
 The rose's breath
Outlives its sad decay ;
 So memory still
 Our hearts will fill
With incense passed away.
O ! the first love ! the first love !
There's nothing like the first love—
 Other throes
 The bosom knows,
But nothing like the first love.

THE YANKEE GIRLS.

BY MICAH HAWKINS.

HISTORIANS, poets, painters, all,
Yes, all mankind, since Adam's fall,
Have toasted with a vivid glare
The glowing charms of ancient fair,
But I am one of those blind-sided churls
Who think none so pretty as the Yankee girls.

Their unassuming mien imparts
The spotless essence of their hearts ;
Their youthful chasteness, title page
The volumes of unsullied age,
While peace and war alike unfurls
The virtues of the Yankee girls.

The Yankee girls ! oh what a charm !
'Twas that which nerved Columbia's arm !
Which arm in spite of tyranny
Declared this soil forever free ;
Then while our standard round us furls,
The watchword be, the Yankee girls !

SHADOWS.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

“What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.”

SKIRTING with gold Heaven's tranquil blue,
Aurora opes the smiling dawn :
Through drapery of resplendent hue,
Hope breaks—the sun of manhood's morn.
As pale the stars before the day,
Melting to nothing in its eye,
So fade in young hope's glowing ray,
The stars that gemmed the infant's sky.
Long, pleasant shadows throws the morning sun—
Hope too, foreshadows large, the good unwon.

The sun has risen above the wave—
It looks down on the mountain's brow—
The shadow that the morning gave
In measure vast—where is it now ?
So shrinks hope's promise—still is man
Panting in his meridian day—
The phantoms with which morn began
In hope's bright dawning—where are they ;
Noon breaks the word of promise made to morn :
Hope of its gaudy dawn-dreams all, is shorn.

As gilds the west Sol's fading light,
Strong shadows back on earth are cast :
Hope turns to Heaven in ardour bright—
Vesting in twilight shades the past :
Eve welcomes, in its holy gloom,
The birth-night of another dawn—
Hope's setting rays the grave illume,
From whence will break eternal morn :
Shadowless day the waking soul will view—
Man, perfect made, will shades no more pursue.

FLORENCE VANE.

BY P. P. COKE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane ;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again ;
I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told—

That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime ;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme ;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane !

But fairest, coldest, wonder !
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day !
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep ;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane !

THE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

BY S. W. CONE.

FAREWELL! Farewell! Such is the tone
That swells but once, and 's heard no more;
When all ties break, 'tis sadly thrown
The last on life's receding shore,
But only falls to break the last,
And sever love from all that's past!—

Farewell! Farewell! it hymns the dirge
That floats around affection's bier,
When passion's impulse fails to urge,
And nought but memory 's left that's dear;
While lowly lies the form of love,
And cold indifference sneers above.

Farewell! Farewell! So angels sung,
When forth on winds of wrath they flew,
And love of woman from them wrung
To paradise a last adieu;
They bought with an eternal fall,
A year of joy in beauty's thrall!

Farewell! Farewell! though sadly sweet
The word floats on the evening air,
Its sorrow 'll fade when next we meet,
And double sweetness will be there!—
Till then, love's thoughts, like angels, guard,
And from thee ev'ry sorrow ward!

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched, thy honeyed blossoms blow,
Unseen, thy little branches greet :
No roving foot shall find thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by ;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom ;
They died—nor were those flowers less gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom ;
Unpitying frosts, and autumn's power,
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came :
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same ;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

THE DOLLARS.

BY WM. E. BURTON.

WE find throughout this earthly ball,
The "one thing needful" governs all;
Nobles, commons, dunces, scholars,
Nothing's done without the dollars.
That money flies the poet sings,
On paper or on golden wings;
This solemn truth each biped knows,
It makes him look straight down his nose,
To see the way the money goes.

The bachelor, tired of single life,
Resolves to venture on a wife;
His house is furnished all in taste,
And purse and pocket run to waste.
She orders sofas, couches, chairs,
Curtains, and carpets, and china wares,
French clocks, French lamps, and French *quelque*
chose,
Each day her taste more costly grows,—
And that's the way the money goes.

Ere twelve months their course have run,
His wife presents him with a son;
Instead of making the pappy glad,
The expenses almost drive him mad.

Child's cap, child's frock, child's cradle, child's
chair,

Doctor and nurse, expensive pair—
Cordials, cake, and wine o'erflows,
Christening frolic, friends in rows,—
And that's the way the money goes.

All lottery tickets turn up blanks,
And those who play at pharo banks,
At poké, brag, or loo, or bluff,
Must all be sure to lose enough.
Of horses fond, you go to a race,
And back your favourite's time and pace ;
Some better nag does him oppose—
You lose—and cursing fortune's throws,
Say, that's the way my money goes.

The ladies, by their love of dress,
Cause mankind's pockets deep distress,
Fashion's follies each one follows,
And plays the devil with our dollars.
Your wife just chucks you under the chin,
Hats, caps, gowns, shawls, are ordered in ;
Daughters, sisters, fishing for beaux,
Want fresh bait—who can oppose,
Or grudge that way the money goes.

A lot of real estate you buy—
To rent your houses out you try—
But spite of all that you can do,
Repairs and taxes eat you through ;

At last, and much to your delight,
Your tenant moves away at night ;
Where he's gone you can't suppose—
Of course a twelvemonth's rent he owes,—
And that's the way the money goes.

And then again the whole-souled boys,
Who will indulge in tavern joys,
And round the bar are daily found,
And bitters and wine and wit go round.
Sangarees and cocktails not a few,
'Toddies, and slings, and juleps too ;
Champaigne in goblets freely flows,
Till drunk they stagger home to doze,—
And that's the way the money goes.

No wonder money is so scarce,
While market charges are so fierce ;
The price of pork brings great distress,
And five-cent loaves grow daily less ;
In meat's high price there's no decrease,
In turkeys, fowls, or game, or geese.
How we're to live there's nobody knows,
Or pay for fire to warm our toes—
The devil knows how the money goes.

In summer time the dollars have wings,
The ladies all must see the springs ;
Travelling charges, hotel bills,
Steamboats, railroads, and other ills.
In winter, parties and balls abound,

Or in a sleigh you skim the ground.
Stay out all night, though hard it snows—
Mulled wine—hot punch—and no repose,—
And that's the way the money goes.

Some folks, in hopes to cut a dash,
In stocks will venture all their cash,
And buy on time—in long and short,
S. O. or B. O.—Sold and bought.
When time is up, 'tis you who pay—
Or if you win, your friend's away.
Fall or rise—you're sure to lose ;
How 'tis managed nobody knows,
But well you know your money goes.

Then since the times are really bad,
Your spirits will get dull and sad ;
To cheer your minds and get delight,
Best crowd the theatre every night.
Care killed a cat, and life is short,
Enjoy yourselves in mirth and sport ;
Come in hundreds, belles and beaux,
Crowd completely all those rows,
And well I'll say your money goes !

THE SPRING BIRD.

BY M. A. D'W. HOWE.

WHEN fancied woes my heart oppress,
And joy my pensive thoughts disown,
No songs dispel my wretchedness ;
Scarce grief refrains its plaintive moan.
Yet thou, sweet bird, when storms invade,
And tempests fill the frowning sky,
Canst shake the rain-drops from thy head,
And chant thy cheerful minstrelsy !

Though clouds with teeming torrents lower,
The sun his beams reluctant hide,
Thine eye paints verdure on each bower,
And hope creates a summer-tide.
Sweet songster ! pour thy note of glee ;
Faith shall dispel *my* spirit's gloom—
Unseal my eyes,—and bid them see
A clime, where flowers perennial bloom !

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